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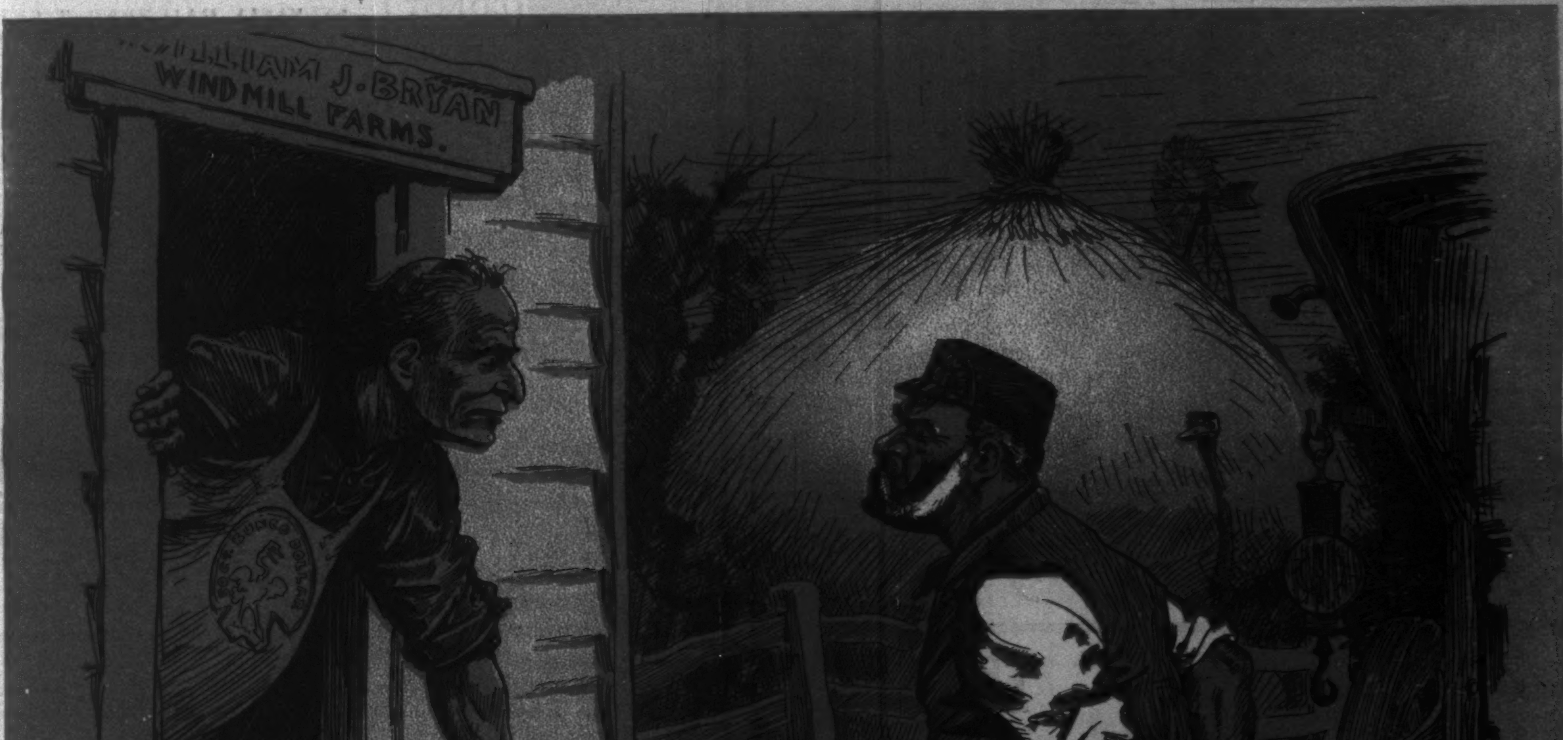
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK AUGUST 4 : 1900



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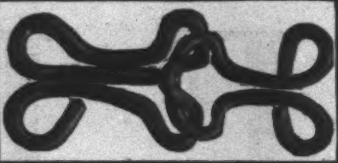

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Vol. XLIV. No. 2276

HARPER'S WEEKLY

August 4 1900

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AMERICAN MARINES ENTERING TIENTSIN.

The men shown in this photograph—which was taken June 10—are from the U. S. S. "Newark," and are marching into the foreign settlement of Tientsin, having come up from Tong-ku. These marines subsequently proceeded to Peking to act as a Legation guard. If alive, they are now imprisoned in the Chinese capital.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-SIX PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 4, 1900

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As to China

ASIDE from the Presidential campaign, the question that is of paramount interest in this country to-day is presented by China. Whatever may be the real truth as to the situation in Peking, whether we are confronted with an awful tragedy or have been made the victims of a fiendish cabal of sensation-mongers, the pathos of the spectacle cannot be otherwise than deeply moving to all men and women of right feeling. To most of us China is as yet an unopened book, and the Chinese are identified in our minds with the rather melancholy specimens of that race who have immigrated to our shores and embarked upon the dubious enterprise of washing clothes in filthy laundries. That within the walls of the vast Asiatic empire there dwells a great and a proud people, who have for thousands of years lived according to the principles of a civilization which in their own eyes is superior to that of the West, and which in our eyes cannot be denied to have great and wondrous virtues, comparatively few of us are aware, and many being told of it to-day for the first time find it difficult to believe. That these heathen, as we delight to call them because they are different from ourselves, have had for thousands of years a religion of their own, to which they have adhered quite as consistently and as loyally as we have adhered to ours—even if the balance of loyalty to faith be not against us—the mass of us have not dreamed, and not many of us are prepared to accept readily. Yet such are the facts that men who have gone out into this land to carry the benefits of Western civilization to a nation of four hundred millions of souls are forced in sincerity to tell us, as does Dr. CHARLES JOHNSON, in his enlightening article on "The Struggle for Reform in China," in the July issue of the *North American Review*, that "any inherent superiority on the part of the West is rather a pleasing fiction" than a demonstrable fact. That in point of fact "the West is superior in combative and destructive elements—the very things which the religion of the West has been trying to eradicate for two thousand years; so that even from a Western point of view, Europe's material victory"—if indeed Europe is to win such a one at all—"is a moral defeat." A statement of this import comes to us in the light of a revelation, but we must accept it, for Dr. JOHNSON is one who has made a close and intimate study of that concerning which he writes and knows whereof he speaks. Startling as it is, it is less so than the positive assertion in the pages of the same *Review* for August by President GEORGE B. SMYTH, of the Anglo-Chinese college at Foochow, to the following effect. We quote Dr. SMYTH at some length because we believe, as he does, that while the subject is not wholly a pleasant one for the West, it is only plain justice to both sides that the full truth should be known:

> The civilization of China is the development of its own national genius and life. Of no nation in the West can this be affirmed. The countries of America and Europe have been so closely related on terms of equality that the civilization of no one of them can be said to be entirely its own. They have so acted and reacted, one upon another, by physical force and moral and intellectual influences, that the civilized life of each is the development, not of its own national genius merely, but that modified in many and various directions by the civilization of each of the others. Vastly different have been the conditions under which the civilization of China has grown. With the exception of India, to which she owes Buddhism, I do not know to what other country she is indebted for anything. She has been surrounded by peoples who, in all the great qualities of life, were vastly inferior to her. She developed a splendid literature, an elaborate system of social customs, a noble system of ethics, and they are all her own. Her own, too, were some of the greatest inventions of man—gunpowder, printing, and the mariner's compass. Beginning at a time which antedates the birth of every other nation now living, she has developed, with the exception already noted, her own national life, learning nothing from her neighbors and teaching them all, the quick, intelligent Japanese no less than the slow, phlegmatic Corean. Such a history naturally taught her to look upon herself as the first of nations; she was acknowledged as such by all the nations around her. The inevitable result followed; she looked upon all other countries as her inferiors. When, therefore, men went to her from Europe, not only claiming equality, but professing to be able to teach her, it was a shock to the national pride not easy for the West to appreciate. It is not pleasant for a people who have thought themselves the chosen of the world, and who, it must be admitted, had, under the circumstances, some reason for thinking so, to be summoned to sit at the feet of men whom their peculiar history and recent experience had taught them to look upon as barbarians. The claim to equality, then, made by foreigners in their relations with China has been a cause of offence, a fruitful source of antagonism. If it be said that the claim was right, and that China has had time to learn the folly of her conservatism and the madness of her intolerant national pride, let it be remembered that the feelings of a nation do not easily change, that the prejudices of centuries cannot be overcome by the teachings of a decade.

East and West

UPON these people we of the West have intruded. We have told them in plain terms that they are ignorant heathen. We have told them that they are barbarians. We have told them that the faith to which they have held for thousands of years and which has sufficed to their needs, even as our creeds have sufficed to ours, is a vain and empty thing, and that if they wish to be saved they must turn their backs upon it and embrace our own. As a prominent Chinese resident of London said recently in an interview: "You have told us that our children are born to be damned; that our ancestors who died in our faith and not in yours are suffering the tortures of purgatory; you have frightened our women and children; you have sown doubt in the minds of our old people; you have filled our souls with unrest; you have tried to destroy the faith to which we have clung for ages, and you have offered us nothing better in its place. Indeed, you have not even agreed as to that which you believe yourselves. My people have become suspicious; some day, I fear, they will become something worse."

Apart from this phase of the question, it cannot be said that Western ideas of commercial integrity have been such as to allay a possible hostility and suspicion. "Rapine, murder, and a constant appeal to force chiefly characterized the commencement of Europe's commercial intercourse with China," is the flat declaration of a leading authority on the affairs of the East, H. E. GORST by name. "The early Dutch and English adventurers had also a share of blackening the reputation of Europe in the East, and it is not surprising that the Chinese came in time to look upon all Europeans as barbarians, men whose only objects were robbery and war," says President SMYTH, in his *North American Review* article. "Still more deplorable," Dr. SMYTH adds, "was the impression made by the Spaniards. After they seized the Philippine Islands in 1543, a great expansion of trade with China resulted; and such large numbers of Chinese settlers went there that in time they outnumbered the Europeans in the proportion of twenty-five to one. The Spaniards saw in this great influx of Chinese immigrants a menace to their own sovereignty, and they massacred the larger part of the defenceless and innocent Chinese. The impression which such savage butchery of its people made on their native province of Canton may easily be imagined, and partly accounts both for the reception which the English met with in the following century when they first entered the Canton River, and for the fact that the people of that province are, with the exception of those of Hu-nan, the most truculent haters of foreigners in China."

When we have beyond these facts of history the drastic measures of retaliation for crimes, commercial and otherwise, meted out by the enlightened, Christian and civilized European state of Germany to the province of Shantung so late as 1897, in which for the murder, during a riot, of two missionaries she seized territory about the bay of Kiao-chau, secured the dismissal of the Governor and six of his subordinates, successfully demanded payment of an indemnity of 3000 taels, exacted a promise to build three expiatory chapels, and secured a concession for two railways, and the right to open mines within a region of territory twenty kilometres wide along them, and later with an armed force actually burned to the ground two villages because the Chinese resented these harsh terms of settlement; when beyond these facts of history we observe Russia inch by inch encroaching upon her Asiatic neighbor with all the subtle craftiness of purpose which is allied to the brutal callousness to right of the Cossack, what wonder is it that the Chinese people are mistrustful of European designs upon them? What wonder that in a moment of fanatical zeal for faith and country they rise up in open rebellion? Is it evidence of lack of civilization that they insist upon their own gods and upon their own rights, and wish none of ours? Even the British shield is emblazoned with the legend "Dieu et mon droit."

The United States and China

SO much for Europe and its relations with these benighted people of the East. What of the United States in relation to China and the Chinese people? If the Chinese themselves are to be believed it is our good fortune to have so conducted ourselves as a nation in China that we have won their confidence. Writing in June last it was the testimony of China's official representative, Mr. WU, at Washington, that the sentiment of good-will entertained by the government and people of China for the government and people of the United States is strong and profound, because of the long, unblemished past, and that it is the desire of China to maintain such relations to the last, seeking only "gentle peace, sweet friendship, helpful exchange of benefits, and the generous application of that Golden Rule which people of all nations and all creeds should delight to follow." All of which may or may not have been sincere. In the light of subsequent developments, it is perhaps well to take it "cum grano salis," but it states clearly the essential fact that China has had very little cause to mistrust the United States, and in reality regards us with a greater degree of confidence than she does any other nation.

On top of this expression of good-will, in the emergent hour, China seeks our good offices in setting herself right with the world. We devoutly hope that the actual situation shall turn out to be such that we may be able to accede to the Emperor's request; and we congratulate the country upon the fact that it has in the executive office a man who has so much of human sympathy for the fallen, and is at the same time so strongly regardful of the rights of his own people in the complications that have arisen, that in his reply he insists only upon the rights of the American people which are based upon the humanities of life; and in the face of great provocation fails utterly to show himself the truculent Imperialist which his enemies wickedly claim him to be. "No blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity, and none will be," said Mr. McKINLEY in his speech at Canton. In his reply to the Emperor of China the President is living up to his profession. His note is a statesmanlike utterance, which contains at once the menace which an outraged nation could not fail to make if our worst fears are realized, and the proffered hand of friendship and good-fellowship if happily all shall turn out to be well.

A Wise Move

IT is a very sensible conclusion which has been reached by the gold Democrats not to put a third ticket in the field this year. The conditions do not justify any such movement, and an organization primarily conceived in sincerity is most wise in declining to make itself the tail to the kite of a body of notoriety-seekers concerning whose real seriousness of purpose there is grave reason to be doubtful. It would have been an unpleasant spectacle to see the sturdy little band that represents all that is left of the old true Democracy—that is, the sole remnant of the Democracy which even its most ardent opponents could not fail to hold in respect—dragged about by the nose by such notorious characters as Senator PETTIGREW, an official of the United States government, who is avowedly in correspondence with the enemies of his country, as the amusing WINSLOW, the sonnet-singing GARRISON, and the ever-entertaining ATKINSON.

The record of the gold Democratic party is one of lofty purpose and dignity, and it would be too bad to find it in alliance with the Anti-Imperialist League, thereby imperilling the laurels which it has won and now so deservedly wears.

THE ISSUE of IMPERIALISM

A CORRESPONDENT of HARPER'S WEEKLY, writing amid the uproar of the Kansas City convention, interpreted the hysterical greeting there given to the Anti-Imperialism resolution as meaning that the Republicans "are to be put on the defensive in the matter of Imperialism."

But why and how? What is this "Issue of Imperialism" except a senseless outcry against the Administration for doing well a duty forced upon it by uncontrollable circumstances? What is there in it but the empty wind of rhetoric? What does it signify to sane minds except a desire on the part of those who framed the Kansas City platform to divert attention from that Populistic menace of financial dishonesty, coinage debasement, debt repudiation, and malignant antagonism to the country's industries and prosperity, which is the very soul and substance of Mr. Bryan's candidacy?

The enthusiasm over this matter which showed itself in the convention was altogether natural. It was born of the hope that the resolution might blind men's eyes to the destructive purposes embodied elsewhere in the platform. It was inspired by the belief that the suicide might thus be cut down before life was quite extinct. The voters of the country will consider the matter with less excited minds. They will coldly question the Kansas City rhetoric as to the facts with which it so hotly deals.

The Case of Cuba.—Those facts are perfectly simple and entirely to the credit of the Administration. When our country accepted Spain's challenge to war, and undertook the duty of making an end of the most intolerable despotism surviving on earth, "all the people said Amen!" The Administration prosecuted the war to early and complete victory. But victory imposed new and very burdensome obligations upon the nation. Cuba was free, but there was neither a government in the island nor, for the time being, the possibility of establishing one, except by the strong arm of military administration. To Cuba and to the civilized world we owed it to retain control there until such time as the Cubans should be able to govern themselves in an orderly fashion. To have withdrawn our military forces from the island at the end of the war with Spain would have been to plunge Cuba into almost inconceivable anarchy. It would have been a crime against civilization; it would have been worse even than to have restored Spanish misrule.

Never in history was any nation's duty plainer or more imperative than was ours to hold Cuba in tutelage and in trust for its own people until they should themselves be ready to administer their heritage. It was our duty to pacify the island after its years of revolution, to bring order out of the chaos in which misgovernment and chronic war had left it, to help the Cubans in their difficult task of creating a stable, free, and orderly government of their own.

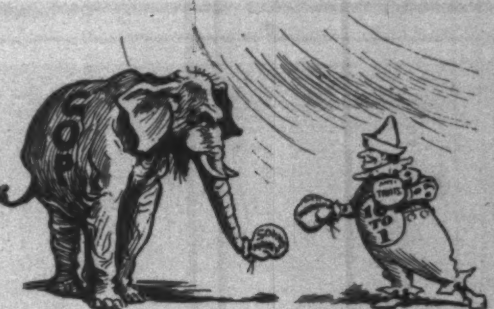
Could more or better have been done in the fulfilment of that duty than has been done under the singularly wise and successful administration of General Leonard Wood? He has rid the island of pestilence. He has established order, and made possible the restoration of industry. He has induced a respect for law such as Cuba has never before known. He has not only prepared the way for successful self-government, but has actually set up such government in so great a measure that the Cubans are satisfied with it as an earnest of complete self-rule to come. He has laid the foundations of the Cuban republic broad and deep, and Cuba seems abundantly content to wait for the orderly building of the superstructure. It is not pariotic Cubans but pestilent politicians in our own country who heap hysterical reproaches upon the Administration, charging it falsely with broken faith, and the non-fulfilment of our national pledges to the Cubans.

The Philippine Matter.—In the course of the war for the rescue of Cuba and Porto Rico from the Spanish oppression, it became necessary for an American fleet to destroy the Spanish power in the Philippines. Again victory imposed obligations. There were multitudes of Americans and Europeans in those islands. There were homes and factories there, and mercantile establishments, all requiring the protection of law. Yet no law remained after we had expelled the Spanish power. There were 8,000,000 natives too, to be looked after. Some of them were civilized, some half civilized, and some barbarous. For the benefit of all of them, as well as for the protection of foreigners, a government was necessary, and our military force was the only power that could provide it promptly. The Administration at Washington could no more shirk this duty of restoring and maintaining order in the Philippines than it could neglect its obligations at home. It would have been an unpardonable failure in duty towards humanity for us to withdraw and leave the islands a prey to ceaseless civil war, with the certainty of their early and disastrous spoliation by some other and less scrupulous power. Our duty there was so plain and so binding upon us that nobody in all the land would have questioned it had not its doing afforded an opportunity for unpatriotic politicians here to make political capital, for yellow journalists to manufacture sensations, and for a little group of impracticables to exploit themselves by misrepresenting facts and perverting truth.

From the beginning it has been both the declared and the obvious purpose of the Administration to give to the Filipinos, under American protection, the fullest measure of self-government of which they are capable, and in the mean time to maintain that order without which the establishment of free government is nowhere possible. That purpose has never been abandoned, and if its execution has been embarrassed and delayed by the madness of ambitious Filipino leaders, encouraged to civil war by the seditious clamor of sensation-mongers at home, it is surely gross calumny to charge the fault upon the Administration.

The Chinese Trouble.—Still less excuse is there for citing the Administration's course in the Chinese trouble as an indication of Imperialistic tendencies, as many newspaper writers are doing with phenomenal disregard of the facts. In that matter the Administration's prudence, conservatism, and forbearance have been truly extraordinary. China has inflicted upon us wrongs and insults which, under any Administration we have ever had, we should have been quick to avenge had they been the acts of any other nation than China. She has permitted, if she has not indeed ordered, the wholesale massacre of American citizens, including women and children, legally resident in Chinese cities. She has consented to or directly ordered the destruction of our legation at Peking, though in the contemplation of international law the legation house is American territory, and its invasion is a direct act of war. Still worse, there is every reason to believe that she has permitted or caused the assassination of our minister, though in his person he represented nothing less than the sovereignty of the United States itself.

Nevertheless we have scrupulously abstained from all acts of war upon China in resentment. The Administration has rigidly restricted our naval and military forces in the East to the work of protecting the lives of American citizens so far as that has been possible. It sent troops to Peking only by permission of the Chinese government, and only for the purpose of guarding our legation there. Under orders from Washington our forces refused to join with those of the other powers in the bombardment and reduction of the Taku forts, our Admiral Kempff going so far in avoidance of war as to enter his earnest protest against that procedure, which the Chinese government has officially cited as the only act of war committed by Western nations since the trouble began.



I.—"I'll put him on the defensive!"

II.—But the elephant has an idea or two himself.

III.—And it didn't come out just that way.

In brief, the forbearance and self-restraint of the Administration under the extremest provocation have been such as were never before known in our history. With every circumstance justifying war, it has abstained from war. With every temptation to conquest it has refused to be driven, even by outrage of the most intolerable kind, into participation in the plans of other powers seemingly inclined to conquest. Is this the temper of Imperialism? Surely ambition of empire "should be made of sterner stuff."

No, the Republicans will not be "put on the defensive in the matter of Imperialism."

And now just a few words as to the votes that Mr. Bryan needs:

In order to be elected Mr. Bryan must secure 48 more electoral votes this year than he received in 1896. From what States is there a chance for him to get them? Kentucky, in 1896, gave 8 of her 9 electoral votes against him by a popular plurality of only 281. Mr. Bryan is more likely to lose the 3 votes of Wyoming and the 4 votes of South Dakota than to recover those votes this year. California gave him 1 vote in 1896, giving the other 8 to McKinley. California is this year concededly certain to cast her entire vote for McKinley. Maryland, which repudiated Bryan and free silver four years ago by a plurality of 32,224, has seemingly lost none of her detestation of dishonest money and rabid Populistic policies since that time. Ohio gave McKinley a plurality of 47,497 in 1896. In Illinois there is the enormous plurality of 142,498 to overcome. It would be scarcely greater folly to reckon upon Pennsylvania or Massachusetts to furnish the missing Bryan votes than to look for them in Illinois. Minnesota is equally out of the question. In like manner Michigan has always gone Republican in Presidential elections. Indiana is often an uncertain State, and its 15 electoral votes may this year be in doubt, with the preponderance of probabilities in favor of McKinley.

What of New York?—In 1896 Mr. Bryan called New York "the enemy's country," and in the election it fully justified his phrase. For while the State had gone Democratic in the last preceding Presidential election by more than 45,000 its hostility to dishonest money found expression in the enormous plurality of 268,469 against Bryan—the heaviest plurality ever given in the State since the civil war for or against any man or any cause. McKinley's vote indeed was a clear majority of 215,800 votes over all other candidates together.

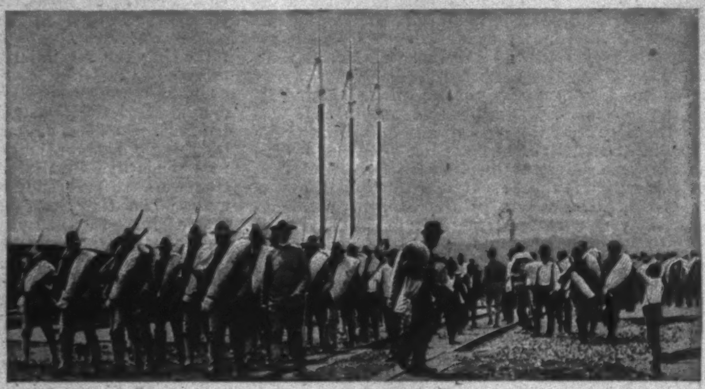
This phenomenal vote was attributable to one sole cause—New York's intense hostility to dishonest money. Is that hostility less now than it was four years ago? Has it not been intensified rather by the prosperity which has followed its triumph? Is there the least reason to expect that the voters of this State will fling away all of progress that they have achieved? Have the scores of thousands of Democrats who defeated their own party by way of rebuking the Chicago platform, and repudiating the Populist candidate who represented it, the smallest reason to be better pleased with the same candidate and the Kansas City platform? Was not Mr. Bryan's arrogant course in forcing its specially aggressive free-silver resolution upon a very unwilling convention a direct and insulting slap in the face to those New York Democrats who so earnestly pleaded for a chance to act again with their party? Has not Mr. Bryan in effect said to them: "Submit yourselves to my will! Take your punishment without a murmur! I am your master! It is not for you to entertain opinions or offer counsel or ask for concessions. It is not for you to question my will, but to obey it. Get you to my heels, at the crack of my whip, like so many curs!"

Added to all this is the dangerous extension of Richard Croker's malign influence. At a time when even the great Democratic newspapers of New York are crying aloud against the rule of plunder established by him in the city, and demanding the removal of his puppet Mayor from office for alleged crime, this most insolent of bosses has extended his arbitrary rule from the city to the whole State. He has made himself absolute master of the machinery of his party. He has openly snubbed and insulted so popular a leader as ex-Senator Hill, for daring to advocate moderation at Kansas City, and make it possible for New York Democrats to support their party this year.

Manifestly Mr. Bryan will find none of his coveted electoral votes in New York. The Democratic voters who repudiated Bryanism four years ago cannot be expected to accept it now in emphasized form, with the additional incubus of Crokerism saddled upon it.

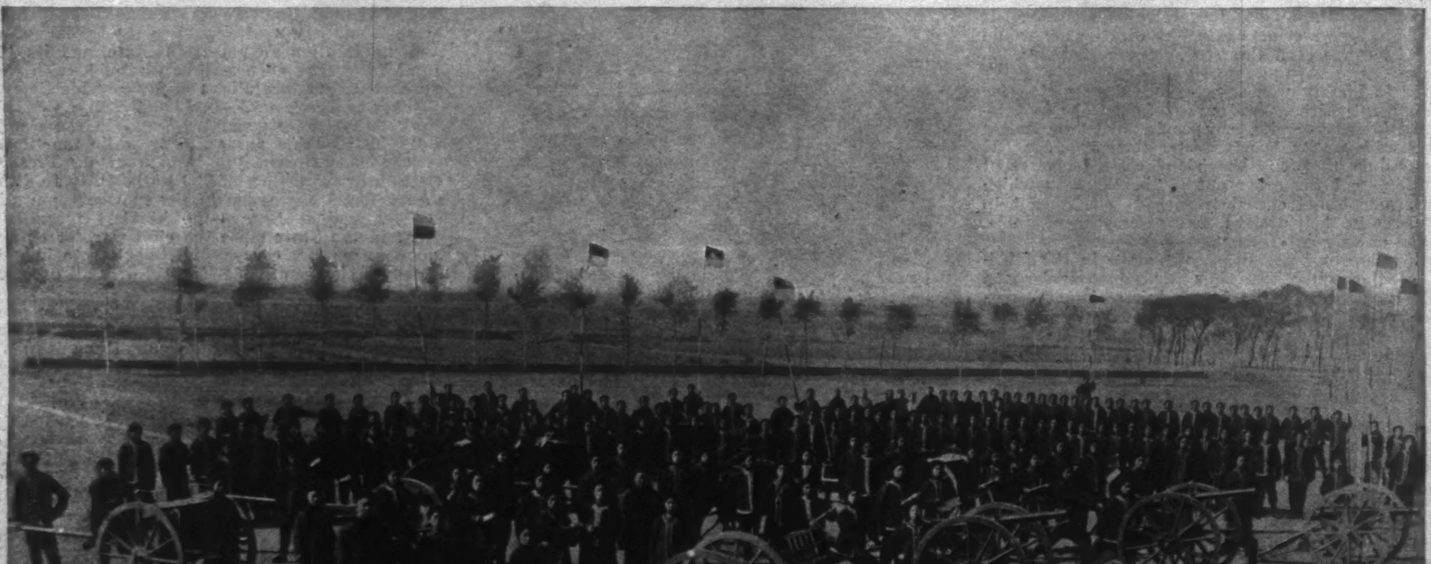
A TROOP OF THE 3D CAVALRY

OFFICERS OF THE 3D CAVALRY.



THE 8TH INFANTRY ARRIVING FROM CUBA.

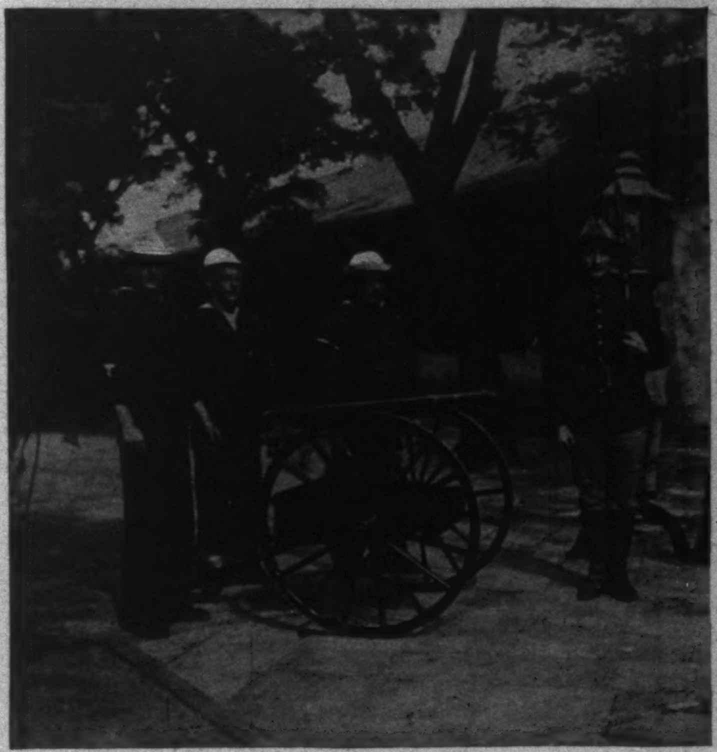
UNITED STATES TROOPS ORDERED TO CHINA.



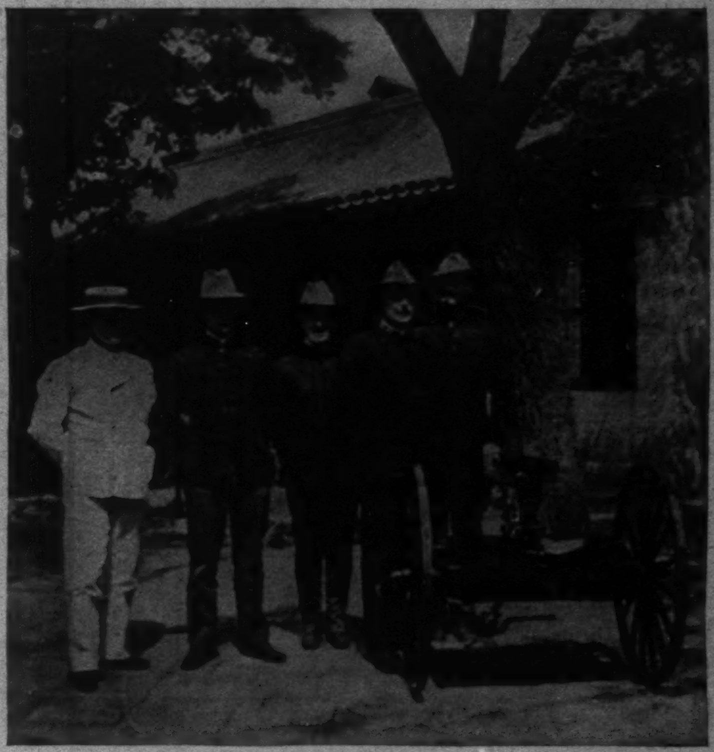
A BATTERY OF CHINESE LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This photograph was taken at the Hsiao Chan camp on the outskirts of Tientsin.

CHINESE IMPERIAL TROOPS GUARDING THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.



THE MACHINE-GUN IN THE LEGATION COMPOUND.

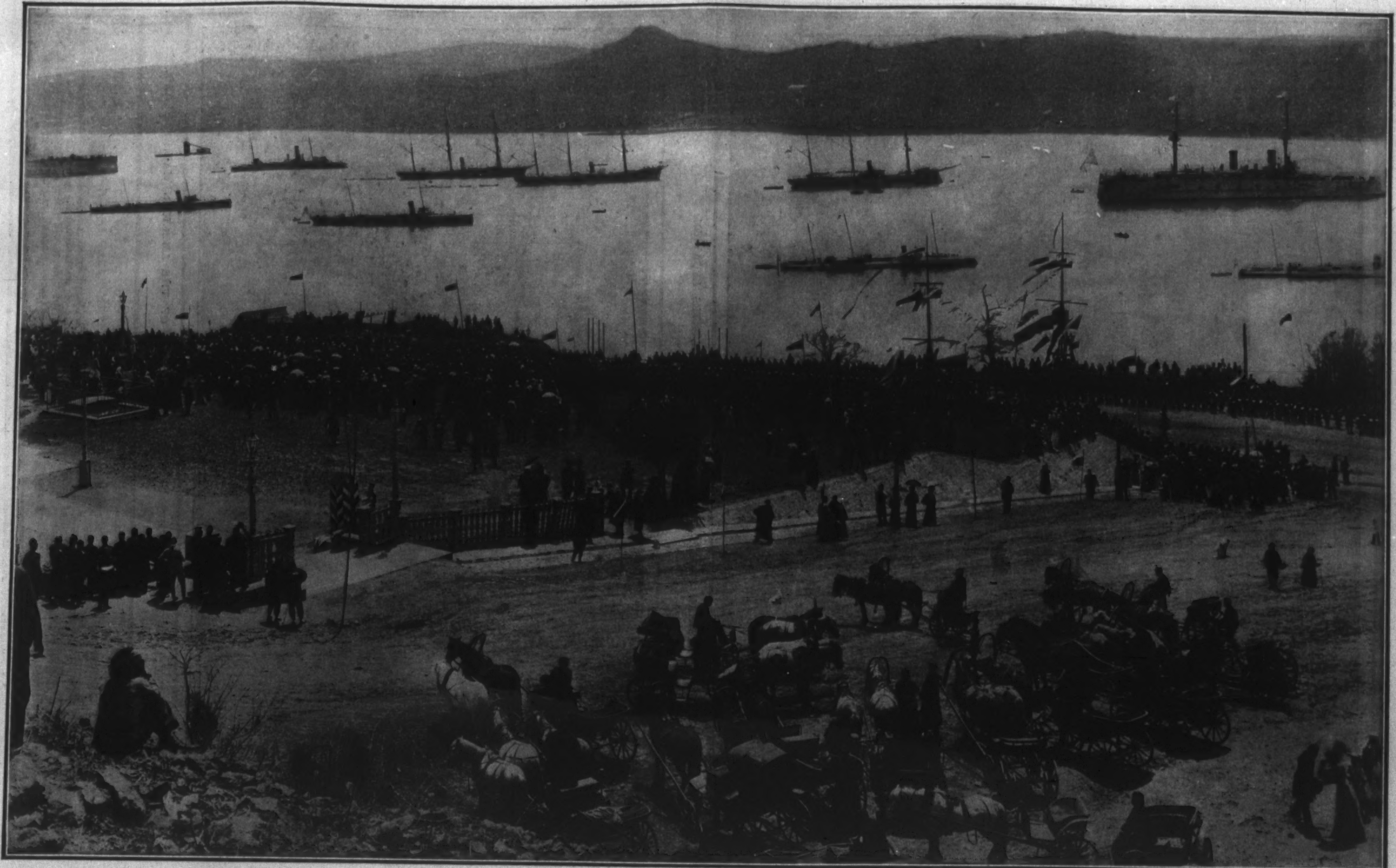


OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN MARINE GUARD.

THE BOXER UPRISING IN PEKING.

VIEWS OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AND GUARDS, TAKEN EARLY IN JUNE.

The correspondent from whom these photographs and those reproduced on pages 713, 722, and 723, were received, says, in his letter of transmissal, dated Tientsin, June 11, 1900: "The Boxer movement is progressing rapidly. Tientsin is patrolled by a thousand troops, with machine-guns, defending every street. Yesterday the Chinese government refused the foreigners railway transportation, and the soldiers of England and Germany seized a train by force. It is reported to-day that the Chinese will resist the foreigners' entrance into Peking, which will then be taken by assault, and a state of war will exist."



VLADIVOSTOK, THE RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS IN EASTERN SIBERIA, NOW DECLARED BY THE CZAR TO BE IN A STATE OF WAR.

The Photograph shows the Sailors and Marines of the Russian Fleet being Reviewed by the Governor of the District prior to their Departure for Tientsin and Port Arthur.

SOME CHINESE IMPRESSIONS

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

PART II

THE distressing sensation that is produced on the traveller in China is the lack of care that buildings and other structures receive. Even in Peking such really artistically beautiful things as the Temple of Confucius or the Hall of Classics are dropping to pieces for need of a few repairs. In the interior the most striking things are the gateways to the city walls and stone-arched bridges. Some of these gateways were originally of exceedingly good design, with a massive substructure with its arched portal, and surmounted by carved wooden lattice-work and the typical Chinese curved tiled roof. The native apparently gives them no thought, no care, and they, by their existing sad condition, seem to emphasize the arrest of progress or national development that is everywhere so much in evidence, and to which reference has been made in a previous paper.

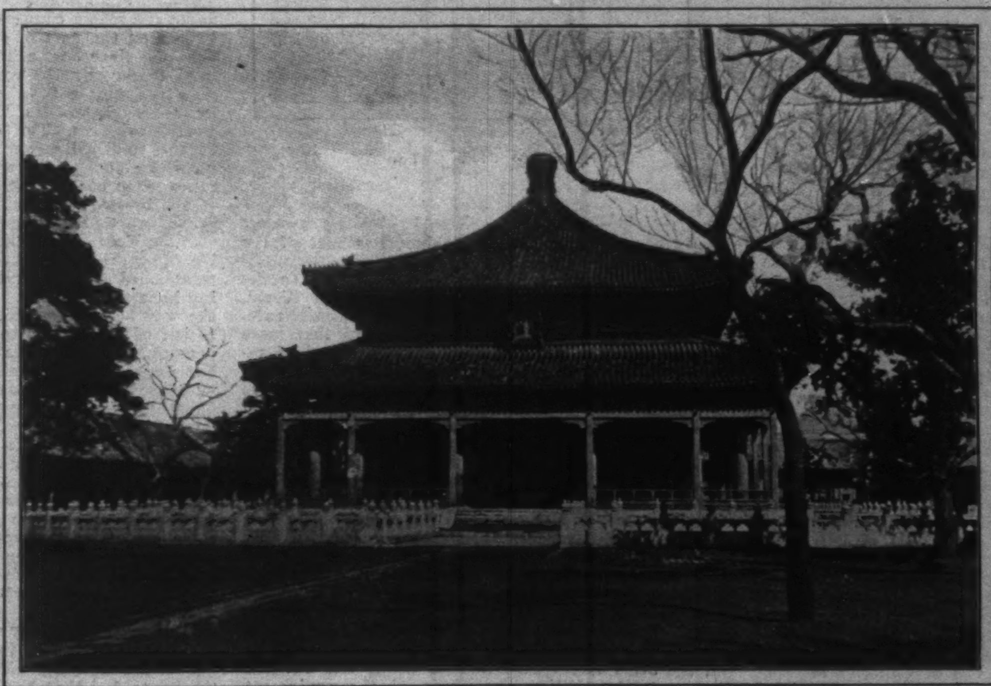
Many of the personal peculiarities of the Chinaman are amusing, in that it is extraordinary how in so many ways the Caucasian and Mongolian minds are capable of getting so diametrically opposed. With the Chinese white is the color of mourning, and the left is the place of honor. Men wear skirts and women breeches, while he writes his signature with the family name first. He talks of the magnetic needle pointing to the south—singular reasoning for one living in the Northern Hemisphere—and he reads and writes from right to left, and so on through almost every detail of every-day life. But the most amusing instance is the practice of the night watchman, who flourishes everywhere from Peking down to the small cities in the interior. Instead of going his rounds stealthily, so as to detect thieves if there are any, he equips himself with a bamboo rattle and a tinkling metal cymbal, which he beats rhythmically as he goes. In the still hours of the night it is perfectly easy to tell exactly where he is, and when he will pass in return to a given point. The theory is that his fiendish weapons of noise strike terror into the hearts of all evil-doers, but I fear, judging from personal experiences, that the ways of evil-doers, contrary to the rule of Chinese opposite, are the same in all lands.

Taking Hunan, the closed province of China, as an extreme example, for there foreigners are practically unknown, nevertheless the general condition of life among the Hunanese along the Siang River, the chief artery of travel and trade, does not differ materially from that found in the more frequented parts of the empire; nor, in fact, does the undercurrent of human affairs flow in channels radically different from those in other countries. There is the usual struggle for success, attended with the ordinary run of victory or failure; men rise and men go down. In Chang-sha there is the regular excitement always surrounding a political capital, while in lighter ways there are the festivities attending the Chinese New-Year's celebration, and the occasional rendering of a Chinese play, for the Chinese as a nation take great interest in the drama. There are newspapers, and the telegraph puts the great cities in daily touch with other parts of the empire. The majority of the people have probably heard of the Japanese war of 1895, and the greater part of these understand dimly that China was defeated. Travelling merchants come from other provinces, and the river boatmen are constantly going to and from Hankau, or perhaps even to so distant a port as Shanghai, so that the people hear accounts of the doings of the outer world. If foreigners are personally unknown, their appearance is not; for the Chang-sha belle sees on her bottle of pomade the prevailing fashion in which her French sister does her hair, while the young man about town in Siang-tan finds in his package of American cigarettes a photograph of the latest favorite of the London music-hall.

In Hunan there are two distinct classes, those, such as the above, who can enjoy life, and who have attained a position easily comparable with the best of conditions to be found anywhere, and those who, living in the more remote parts of the province, never come in contact with the outer world. As soon as a departure is made from the Siang River, such a difference is at once noticed, and there is reached along the eastern side of the province, where there is practically no trade and consequently no communication with the rest of the world, a condition of life that is distressingly depressing. Not that there is suffering or want, for everybody seems to have a home and enough to wear and eat, but it is life reduced to its simplest form, in which there is apparently lacking every desire for amelioration or even a knowledge or comprehension that such a thing is possible. Of education or religion or any aspiration towards a better or a higher life or intercourse with the outer world, there is none. The soil produces enough food and an occasional surplus, which is sold in the nearest market-town, and thus serves to provide clothing and the other wants, which are of the simplest nature. There seems to be nothing in the way of social intercourse between the people, and life is merely a struggle, day after day, for a mere existence. From one year's end to the other there is no pleasure, no enjoyment beyond the mere animal instinct of living, and without a single event to break the monotony. And yet, it must be remembered that this is not a savage country, but one that had a high and complex civilization before the time when Rome was, which civilization still remains among these people in the way-off corners, probably not much altered except that it may have become sadly worn.

On our journey eastward from the Siang, we made a short detour out of Hunan into the adjoining province of Kiang-si, and at the border line of the province came across an amusing specimen of Chinese reasoning, and a suggestive illustration of the attitude of the Hunanese towards their neighbors. The so-called anti-foreign feeling in Hunan is a misnomer; it is really Chinese exclusiveness carried to its logical conclusion, giving rise to an antipathy against all who do not live in the province, and to whom they apply the epithet of "foreigner" without discrimination. The people of Kiang-si, in order to defend themselves from the wicked inhabitants of Hunan, had erected, at the frontier, where the highway entered their province through a narrow valley, a massive masonry wall with a wide rampart and embattled parapet, and a gateway with watch-tower complete—a most formidable-looking structure, and one that was practically impregnable by direct assault by archers. Its length, however, was only about 1500 feet, merely reaching from hill to hill, and as the flanking hills were low and easy of ascent, there was nothing at all to prevent an invading army from turning from their path but a few yards to either the right or left and marching unmolested, so far as the wall was concerned, around its ends. That the constructors evidently considered this a secure defence, in the way that the ostrich buries his head, there is apparently little doubt, but I could not help wondering whether the Hunanese had been similarly affected and so deterred from making an attack. But this is on a par with an old bridge that we met with on our travels. Once upon a time, when perhaps Elizabeth was reigning in England, this bridge crossed a stream, but the stream, unlike the natives, was capable of changing its course, and left the bridge spanning dry land. The highway, however, still continues to cross the bridge, and the coolies, with their load upon their backs, still climb the flight of steps at either end as their predecessors have done for centuries. The Chinaman always accepts things as they are, without inquiry or reasoning—actuality and precedent being to him always paramount.

The circumstance that produced the deepest impressions, partly because it was not anticipated, as the conclusions are at variance with the statements generally made by those who write on China as a whole, but on the other hand in line with many who treat of it in detail, was the density of population, a question which has given rise to more theorizing than perhaps any other in connection with the race. The usually conceived picture is one where the population has grown to the actual limits that the land can support, and that the "yellow terror" needs but the suggestion and the means to burst his bonds and, from sheer necessity for the acquisition of more room, to overrun Europe. While the proportion of China actually inspected on the journey herein described, and on other trips to the north and elsewhere, is small as compared with the whole, nevertheless the portions seen were certainly typical and contain the great centres of population. From what I saw I am forced to the belief that the density of the population of China has been most grossly exaggerated. Nowhere, not even on the plains surrounding Peking, did I see anything approaching a condition of overcrowding. On all sides there was evidence in abundance that the soil could support a very much larger mass of people than it does at present, and this is the view taken by nearly every intelligent traveller in the interior. Not one of them brings back information saying that the district travelled over has reached the limits of support, except possibly in certain portions of the Great Loess Plain, but, curiously enough, each traveller puts down the usually given figures as an exaggeration for the particular district visited, while accepting the similar figures for the rest of China without question. Certain authorities, notably Williams in his great work *The Middle Kingdom*, make a defence of the ordinarily given figures of population on the ground that we should accept these figures until we are able to contradict them. This is a most specious form of argument, and wholly unsound when we consider that the Chinese people are, by nature, wholly inaccurate, are vain and conceited to an inordinate degree, and invariably make an over-statement in regard to any subject under consideration. In addition to this, when one recalls the average ignorant local official from whom, in the first place, figures concerning population must originate, one would discredit any statements until the same had been amply substantiated. When these men are taken into consideration in connection with the general inaccuracy and looseness of statement char-



THE HALL OF CLASSICS, PEKING.

A USELESS BRIDGE.

WALL ON THE HUNAN FRONTIER.

acteristic of the Chinaman, the figures of population are set aside as almost unworthy of serious consideration.

The usual figures give a population for the empire of China, including Manchuria, varying from 350,000,000 to 450,000,000, with a figure of 385,000,000 as the one most likely to be near the truth; although there are unofficial estimates overrunning 450,000,000 by from fifty to one hundred millions, and these various estimates differ from each other radically in details, a fact that does not add to their reliability. In 1895 the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, France, sent a large and well-equipped commission to investigate the trade conditions of certain parts of China, notably the provinces of Yu-nan and Sze-chuen, in which the French government claimed special commercial privileges, and in order to acquire information they subdivided their main body into several parties, and thus in their two years' work covered all the principal routes. Of the province of Yu-nan, usually credited with 20,000,000, they speak as follows:

"There is the same uncertainty in the matter of population. In spite of the authorities we are forced to believe that the figure of twelve millions is too great, and that one of seven or eight millions would come closer to the truth, although a missionary who had travelled much throughout the province gave an estimate of from four to five millions."

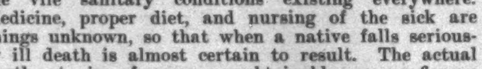
The province of Sze-chuen, which is the largest province in China, has assigned to it a population of 73,000,000. The French commission state that they discard, without hesitation, the above-named figure, and give as their estimate from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000, but add that the customs authorities at Chungking and the missionaries estimate the population at from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000.

We thus have a careful estimate made by men who can hardly be accused of pessimism, on a basis of 60 per cent. of the usually quoted figures, while they feel constrained to point out that the missionaries, who probably know the country better than anybody else, estimate the population on a basis of from 30 to 40 per cent.

Taking the provinces of Hupeh, Hunan, and Kwangtung, along whose chief trade routes, and consequently most densely populated sections, my journey led me, of these Hupeh is usually credited with something over 30,000,000. The only large centre of population of Hupeh is Hankau, which, with Wu-chang and Han-yang, cannot have more than 1,250,000, and while there are several large cities, with possibly from 50,000 to 100,000 people each, there is no other very large aggregation of people. Hunan has an area of 75,000 square miles, or just about one and one-half times as much as the State of New York. The former is credited with 22,000,000 and the latter with about 6,000,000 of people. My journey through Hunan is comparable with a trip from New York to Buffalo along the line of the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad. On the former there are but two really large cities, Chang-sha and Siang-tan, to offset New York, Albany, Schenectady, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and intermediate points. It is impossible to see how there can be a relative density per square mile of more than two to one in favor of the Chinese province. Kwangtung is given 30,000,000 approximately, on an area of about 80,000 square miles. The northern part is mountainous and almost bare of people, and no crowding is apparent until Canton is approached. If the district of Canton, including Fatshan and the other places in the vicinity, be credited with 5,000,000—a most generous allowance—there would remain 25,000,000 to be made up by the smaller cities and villages. If these places should average 2500 people each, there would then be needed 10,000. I am quite sure that no such number can be found.

The foreigner gets his idea of the overcrowding of China by a cursory trip through the streets of a Chinese city like Canton. These streets are narrow, being but from eight to twelve feet wide, and are consequently crowded, but he must remember that the widest one of Canton's business streets is narrower than a single sidewalk in New York, and that any one of the latter city's thoroughfares carries many times more people than any one of Canton's streets. The net increase of population in a country like China is out of all proportion to the net increase in countries with a modern civilization, and, therefore, a comparison with European or American figures, as is so often made, is out of question. Although the Chinese are prolific, there are many causes that operate to prevent a net increase. Diseases like small-pox and typhoid are rampant, being encouraged by the vile sanitary conditions existing everywhere. Medicine, proper diet, and nursing of the sick are things unknown, so that when a native falls seriously ill death is almost certain to result. The actual death-rate is, of course, unobtainable, as no figures are kept, but all who have lived among the Chinese report that it is enormously high, especially among young children. Then there are extraordinary causes to reduce growth, such as rebellions and famine. Rebellions periodically have swept over the empire, leaving in their wake a tremendous death roll. The Taiping rebellion alone is supposed to be responsible for the killing of 15,000,000 Chinese.

In spite of what has been claimed, in spite of what has been written, I cannot see how it is possible for 400,000,000 of people to be found within the limits of the Chinese Empire, and that therefore the overcrowding of the country by its so-called teeming millions is a myth. What the actual population is it is impossible to say; but if an accurate count were taken I should be very much surprised if the results were much above 200,000,000, nor would I be incredulous of the result if the figure fell below that amount.



AN OLD CITY GATE.

Even this figure, however, would give an average density of population of about six times that of the United States.

This question of population naturally leads to the consideration of a possibility of the Western World, or at least Europe, being overrun by the Oriental race. In this connection it must be remembered that mere force of numbers no longer constitutes the chief requirement for a successful military movement. The occasions when peoples have been conquered by others of a much lower civilization belong to a period when the so-called hordes were opposed by forces but little better armed than they, when it was practically a struggle of man against man. Modern mechanical appliances in war and transportation have vastly magnified the disproportion. Against such appliances hordes and mobs are of little avail. The days of Jenghis Khan and the Saracens, when each man carried only his spear or sword, and when the force was not too large to be able to subsist off the country, are gone forever.

An Oriental army attacking Europe would have to consist of several millions of men and weighed down with rifles and ammunition, artillery and ordnance, and the other heavy impedimenta of modern warfare. Thus encumbered—for the whole of the equipment would have to be carried from the starting-base—this huge, unwieldy army would have to cross on foot (for all railways would be at once destroyed) the steppes of Siberia and the high table-lands of Central Asia, a distance of at least 6000 miles. These countries are intersected by high mountains and deep rivers, where there are long stretches absolutely incapable of feeding any considerable force in addition to the existing scanty population.

To be able to carry out such an invasion there would at first be required tremendous preparation; the development of industrial enterprise, and the consequent bringing up of the people to a high standard of civilization. When that point is reached the people themselves will shrink from general warfare, the same as other civilized nations do now, as their interest at home will transcend any possible gain to be obtained abroad. This reluctance in the case of the Chinese will be further enhanced through local racial prejudice, diversity of language and temperament, as developed by climatic conditions varying from the temperate to the tropical.

The only way in which the yellow races can conquer the world will be not by force, not by hordes, but by peacefully developing, as the Western World has done, a higher civilization. The contemplation of future generations receiving from the East a betterment in condition and a higher civilization is one that does not appear to contain many terrors.

The above impressions were written previous to the recent Boxer outbreak, but the latter seems to emphasize the above-described national traits of character and existing conditions of life. There is really no such thing in China as a government, according to our understanding of that term. There is the outward form, but it is entirely devoid of substance. There are officials, but they lack power, and even the imperious will of the Empress Dowager cannot be impressed on the people at large. The present disturbance, if it is at least a popular uprising, indicates the helplessness of the central government to govern; or if it is at most actually supported by the authorities, then we see the curious spectacle of a government carrying on a war against the civilized world in concert, with the greater part of its people and the whole of its navy standing by apparently unmoved. What other country but China can present such an anomaly?

But China and the Chinese must not be judged by the movement of a fanatical sect, although that movement may acquire sufficient strength to inflame the whole country, but rather by the failure to govern on the part of a government whose life-spring has long since been dead. On this account there is no need to destroy the country, to cut it up, or to reduce the people to a state of vassalage to be used by other powers as "buffer states." Such is not world's progress. The fault lies not in the people, but in the so-called governing class, who are unable or unwilling to guide the people in their tranquil ignorance or to control them in their ignorant turbulence. If the break-up of China can be prevented for a few years, all this is susceptible of correction. Give China a chance and a little help and she is quite capable of working out her own salvation. Let there be established a government that is capable of governing honestly and well. Let order be guaranteed. Let the way be prepared for transforming the dead civilization of the past into the living civilization of the present. As one looks at her fertile fields and sees her patient and industrious people, one cannot help wishing that there may come for China a Peter the Great to elevate his people by the developing of industry and diversity of occupation, and a Washington to instil in them a lofty sense of national unity, spirit, and love of country. The seeds for this work have been sown. Schools have been founded, by even the Chinese themselves, where the arts and sciences are taught. Railroads are being built to connect the various parts of the empire and so actually and metaphorically to bind them together with bonds of steel. The foreign settlements that are springing up are silent but eloquent witnesses of better possible conditions of life, by all of which, if time be given, in spite of such temporary set-backs as the present trouble there will develop in the Chinaman a new and intellectual activity, and make the man from the East and the South feel that he is one with him from the West and the North, and thus enable China once more to take her place among the great nations of the earth.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL ASPECT of the PHILIPPINE QUESTION

By Charles Denby Ex-Minister to China

THE very able discourses in Congress on the Philippine question seem to lack definiteness. It would be difficult to get up a political platform on the theory that the Philippines should be accorded the same treatment as that which was granted to Cuba. There is no fundamental reason for any parity of treatment. Cuba does not belong to us; the Philippines do. We cannot apply the same treatment to a territory which belongs to us that we apply to one over which we simply exercise a species of protectorate. Even if we ultimately intended to give independence to the Philippines, as long as they are a part of our own territory our action towards them in law and in fact must be more direct and more in accordance with American principles than can be our treatment of Cuba.

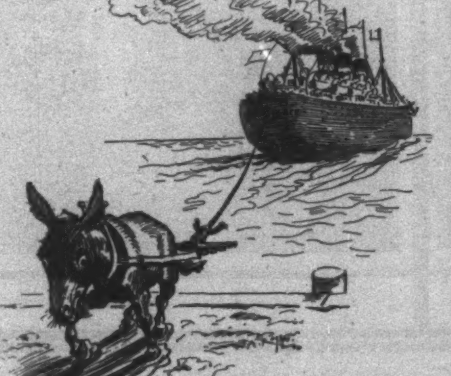
I base no arguments in favor of the retention of the Philippines upon the theory that government does not rest upon the consent of all the governed, or that charity should begin abroad. I believe that in accordance with the theory that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and in accordance with the theory that charity begins at home, we can build up a satisfactory argument in favor of the retention of those islands.

But without now going into the problem as to what shall ultimately be done with them, let us confine ourselves to the actual present. Those gentlemen who antagonize the simple, straightforward, and practical course of the Administration say that we should announce to the Filipinos that whenever they are capable of self-government they shall be independent. When asked at what period this promise should go into force they are silent. They cannot tell—it may be ten, or twenty, or thirty years. During all this period of tutelage we are to bear the burdens of government for the Philippines, and during all this time there is to hang over us the certainty that some day we must evacuate the islands. This policy would paralyze commerce, destroy trade, and annul our influence.

The period stated would be one of great unrest and rebellion. The foreign merchant would abandon the islands, and the American would not go thither. The Filipinos who have cast their lot with us would look forward to the time when an awful retribution would come to them. Nobody else would ever come over to us. Why should they if we are not going to hold the islands? Ambitious leaders would always be scheming, and the claim for complete independence would be urged from this moment until it was finally secured. No foreign capital would seek investment in the islands. Our treaty obligations would be violated. There are some clauses of the Treaty of Paris which embody certain obligations not only to the natives, but also to foreigners. It may be desirable to cite some of these articles.

Article VIII. of the Treaty of Paris, in the second paragraph thereof, reads as follows: "And it is hereby declared that the relinquishment, or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property, or rights, which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastical or civic bodies, or any other associations having a legal capacity to acquire and possess property in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded,... or of private individuals, of whatever nationality such individuals may be."

It will be seen by this paragraph we have bound



The Policy of Obstruction.

ourselves to secure to all classes of peoples and corporations the enjoyment of their property.

In the Malolos constitution it was provided that the property of the ecclesiastical bodies known as "friars" should be restored to the state. It will be seen at once that there will be a direct conflict between any independent Philippine government and the article of the treaty just cited.

In Article IX. of the Treaty of Paris it is provided that the Spanish subjects, natives of the Peninsula, may remain in the islands. They may retain their rights of property, and they may carry on their

Just at Present the only Thing for Uncle Sam to do is to Stick On.

businesses, trades, and professions. They may preserve their allegiance to Spain if they choose.

The United States Congress shall determine the civil rights of the native inhabitants. The rights of the Spaniard as to judicial matters are preserved in Articles XI. and XII.

In Article XIII. it is provided that the rights of property secured by copyrights and patents shall be respected. Also that Spanish scientific, literary, and artistic works shall be admitted free of duty for the period of ten years.

In Article XV. the same treatment in respect to all port charges, including entrance and clearance dues, light dues, and tonnage dues, which is accorded to our shipping, is granted to Spanish vessels.

By Article IV. Spanish ships and merchandise are to be admitted to the Philippine ports for ten years on the same terms as the ships and merchandise of the United States.

All these obligations with reference to Cuba are, by the terms of the treaty, limited to the time of our occupancy thereof, but as to the Philippines there is no such limitation. Nor is there any limitation of time as to the obligations assumed by us *vis-à-vis* the foreign powers. We are therefore bound by them for all time to come, or until the Treaty of Paris is abrogated and new treaties are substituted in its place.

By taking possession of the islands we assumed the duty of securing to all foreigners residing therein the rights which accrue to them under international law. It is believed that these foreigners without exception would disapprove of and resent the transfer of the islands to a native government. From their disapproval might result a scramble by the European powers for the control of the islands.

If the Anti-Imperialist party of the United States is sure of its convictions there is but one course left to it; that is to declare that our troops should be withdrawn from the Philippines now and instantly, and that the islands should be immediately handed over to the Tagalogs. It does not do to say that the islands should be retained until the Tagalogs are capable of operating an independent government. That will satisfy nobody, because the Tagalogs say they are now capable of doing that, and many of their apologists in this country make the same declaration. It is scarcely worth while to undertake to show that the Tagalogs are not capable of operating an independent government at this time, because nobody, not even the most violent Anti-Imperialist, actually proposes to give them their independence until after they shall have been taught and drilled by us.

If the political situation were sized up as it exists in this country now, it would be found that the people are so little divided on the Philippine question that there is hardly room for a contest. One portion of the people, presumably, favors the permanent retention of the Philippines. This is the substance of the resolution offered recently in the Senate. The other party favors the granting of independence after an indefinite period of time has elapsed.

It is the difference between a fee-simple and a ninety-nine years' lease. It is conceded that a fee-simple to a piece of land is more valuable than a ninety-nine years' lease, but it is noticeable that Russia, England, France, and Germany, when they recently looted China, took by preference a long leasehold, when they might just as well have taken a fee-simple.

At the polls, however, it is believed that the people will not see that there is any difference in morals or in law between taking other people's property, as the Anti-Imperialists claim the Philippines are, for ninety-nine years and taking it forever.

The issue to go before the country on must be sharper than that. It must declare for an immediate evacuation. The Anti-Imperialists would otherwise have to qualify their favorite doctrine to the effect that it is our duty under Providence to enfranchise all peoples, and make it read so that the duty shall commence after the lapse of ninety-nine years.

This time limit for occupation and tutelage is evidently too remote to fight the battle of 1900 on.

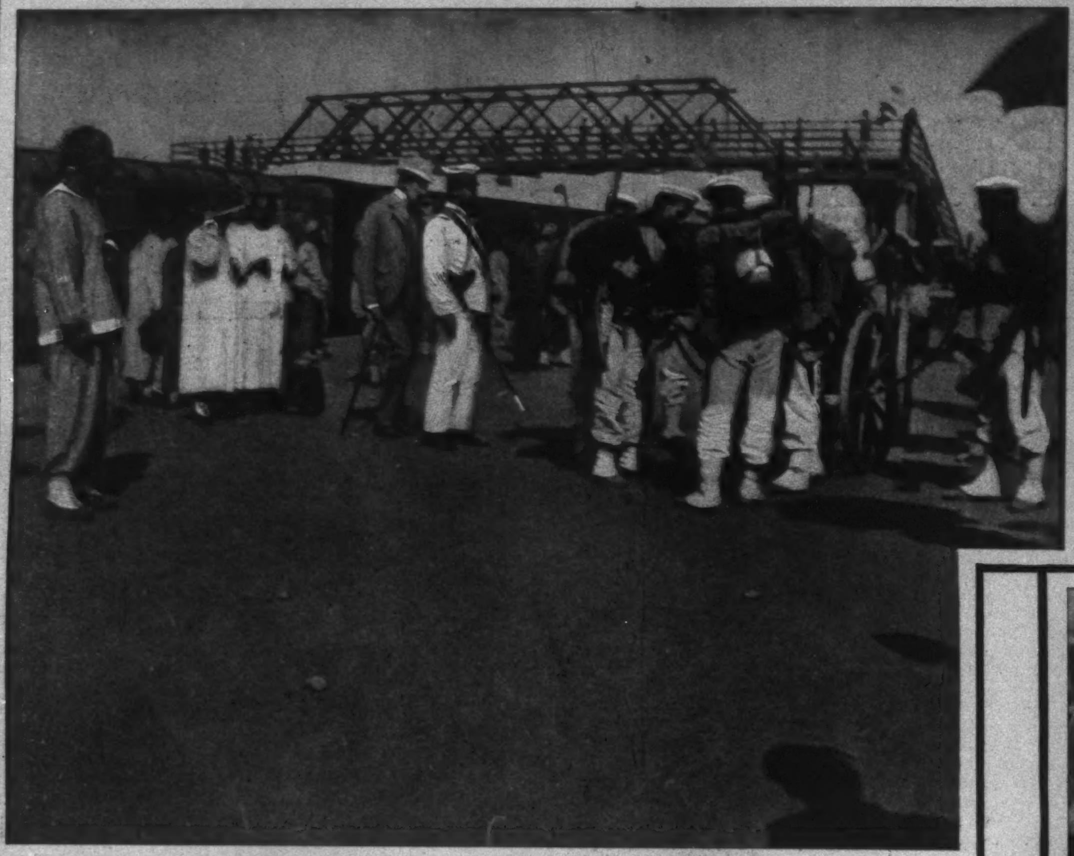
Probably all of us, except those persons who do not use tobacco or whiskey (who are very few), will be dead before this lease expires. To have all the orators of all the parties get up and say we are all in favor of holding the Philippines, but some of us are in favor of holding them for a period of years, which is to be determined hereafter, and some forever, would confuse the honest voter. He would call this the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum. Possibly he would turn to a third class if he could find any of them existing. The members of this class might say they would not announce any decision on the period of time that they would hold the Philippines, any more than they would fix a time for holding Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, Alaska, or the Samoan Islands, which we recently acquired. They might say that we legitimately acquired the islands; that we intend to do everything we can to improve the condition of the people, and that we would not "jump until we came to the stile." They might say—not that one Congress cannot bind another, of which declaration the morality at least is doubtful—but that Congress had not fixed the status of the natives, and that meantime the

Uncle Sam intends to do Everything he can to Improve the Condition of the People.

Administration was doing its plain and unqualified duty in upholding the sovereignty of the United States.

Taking into account the speeches made in Congress and the general trend of newspaper criticism, this would seem to be the true aspect in which people will look at the questions involved.

As nobody seems to favor the immediate evacuation of the islands, it would seem reasonable for all men to agree to give to our friends who live there a chance to assert their influence, and to put in operation, if they can, a government which will represent the consent of the governed, before we announce absolutely that we will turn them over to the Tagalogs at any time whatever.

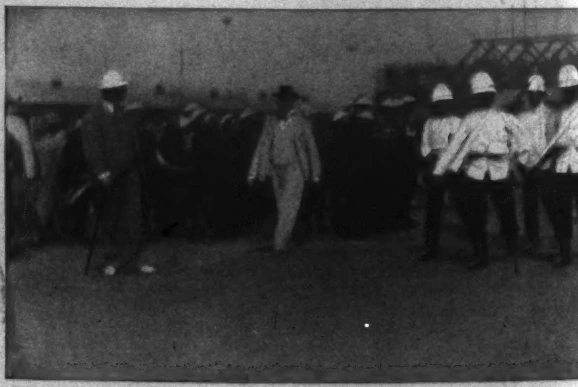


ITALIAN SAILORS AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS

AMERICAN SAILOR ON GUAR

LANDING AN AMERICAN MACHINE-GUN AT TAKU.



BRITISH MARINES MARCHING

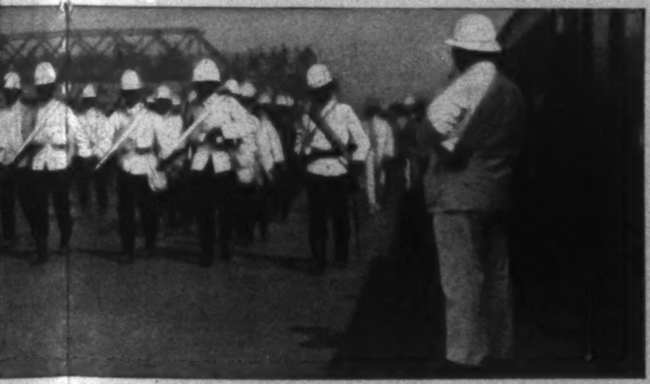
THE CRISIS

THE LANDING OF THE FOREIGN TROOPS AT TIENTS

ICERS, COMING ASHORE ON A TUG.

RUSSIAN MARINES WAITING TO TAKE THE TRAIN FOR PEKING.

GUARD, AND CHINESE POLICEMAN.



HING TO THE TRAIN FOR PEKING.

PUNISHMENT OF A DISORDERLY CHINAMAN AT THE STATION.

SIS IN CHINA

NTSIN, AND THEIR DEPARTURE FOR PEKING, JUNE 10, 1900.

CLAIM ON ANVIL CREEK, WHERE A CLEAN-UP OF A DAY-AND-A-HALF'S RUN AMOUNTED TO $10,000.

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Cape Nome Beach and Tundra Placer Mines

BY GEORGE EDWARD ADAMS

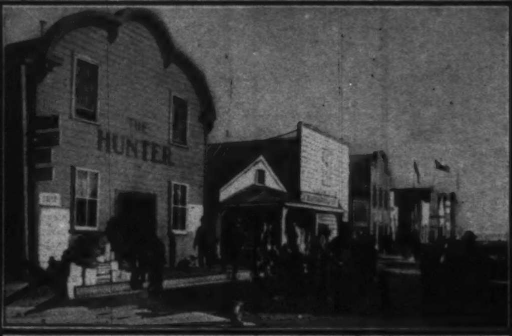
CAPE NOME certainly presented many novel features entirely new to the mind. It was, without doubt, a most wonderful spot in a more wonderful land. After reaching there one was brim full of interest to note the particular direction each arrival took, or the exact spot where he expected to wrest from Mother Earth a more goodly share of her golden treasure than had been his good fortune in the past. The arrival of each steamer brought its quota of gold-seekers, bent upon acquiring a competence in this newly found land of easy fortunes. The sun was not only the glory and beauty of the day, but of the night. The miner, as if in harmony with his surroundings, had the "sunshine of the country in his face and manner too." None appeared to even dream of sickness, misfortune, or non-producing claims, or that the number of claims was not sufficient to provide one for each prospector. This was probably as it should have been, for it is indeed grand to realize that "hope springs eternal in the human breast." This was as forcibly evidenced at Cape Nome as at any other spot on earth, for he who had mined in Africa, in South America, in Australia, and in other portions of the world without success, was now willing and anxious to try anew, and felt sure of success in this new source of placer wealth. Yes, indeed, the successful and the unsuccessful alike flocked to Cape Nome, with their souls full of hope that they might add to their present finances or retrieve a lost fortune. Cosmopolitan to a marked degree was this swarm of "gold-hungry" humanity, and if one wished to study physiognomy or individual characteristics of the world's distinctive races, a better opportunity could not be found. One was struck with the wholly dissimilar types and could readily write at length on the peculiarities of each. However, the population of the district was pre-eminently American, thoroughly imbued with Yankee ingenuity and push.

To the beach! to the beach! was heard from every tongue. Every one appeared in a hurry, for the saving of the precious moments was of great concern to all. Only a short time in which to work with any degree of comfort meant a deal to those eager producers of new wealth. The beach afforded many pleasant surprises. One soon espied a chap of tender years bent on following an apparently intangible streak of peculiar sand formation, and wondered what was to be the result. The mind's query was soon answered by witnessing the peculiar sand hurriedly thrown into an old-fashioned gold-rocker near at hand, and the ocean water applied simultaneously by ladling. Soon the sight of countless atomlike flakes of gold, almost as bright as the noonday sun, told the story. After watching this interesting and novel operation for some fifteen minutes, one was informed upon inquiry that the washings for so short a time amounted to about $2 50, thus producing $100 for ten hours' persistent hard work. The many different rockers were of much interest. That used by this miner was about three and a half feet long by two and a quarter in width, with an upper sheet-iron bottom punched full of three-sixteenth-inch holes, to allow passage of the flakes of gold and small particles of sand to a catch-blanket or basin hung at an incline midway between the sheet-iron bottom and the real base of the rocker. This entire arrangement was styled the upper works of the rocker. On its bottom was placed a set of rockers much resembling those used on an ordinary cradle. The final base was constructed of two strips of wood about two inches in thickness, having the same length as the rocker, and joined together by cross-bars of the same length as the width of the rocker proper. Upon these cross-bars were nailed notched pieces of iron, the object being to produce a "giging" motion, as the machine was rocked back and forth, agitating its contents more successfully than would have been the case if rocked on a smooth surface. The object of the blanket on the inclined surface was to catch and retain the particles of gold washed from the sand or gravel. The blanket has proved to be one of the most successful gold-savers in use. At comparatively short intervals it was removed and rinsed in a barrel of water having at its bottom a quantity of mercury, it having an affinity for gold. Some distance farther along the beach, one discovered another process for saving the gold. Instead of the blanket, copper plates coated with mercury were used to catch the golden flakes. Still another plan was in operation, and this time Uncle Sam's assistance was required. A number of United States $1 silver pieces were coated with mercury, the same as the copper plates just mentioned, and were used in their stead. After a considerable amount of the mercurialized gold was accumulated, it was strained through a chamois-skin, that the mercury not amalgamated might be used again. The amalgam was retorted in many novel ways—ways one would hardly imagine until the need became pressing. Chief among them was the use of the ordinary frying-pan. The amalgam was placed in the pan, then securely covered and subjected to the fierce heat of the camp fire to volatilize the quicksilver. Great care was exercised in the process, as the imperceptible gases were very poisonous, the inexperienced often becoming salivated while inadvertently inhaling it. Fortunately there were but a few aggravated cases during the season of 1899, and it was hoped that charcoal retort-furnaces would be in operation during the season of 1900, precluding the possibility of a recurrence of so distressing an injury to the physical man. Here and there one noted the use of the primitive gold-pan, and at other places on the beach a series of rockers were in operation under the supervision of one man, who fortunately came to the district supplied with a small steam water-hoisting machine. By its use he kept many rockers in constant operation. Occasionally one had an opportunity to see the sluice-box in operation on the beach, but not often, as timber was very scarce, and not many pumping plants obtainable. A brief mention of the system employed will interest many. There was usually one flume, carrying from five to eight inches of water and supplying three strings of sluice-boxes. The boxes were respectively twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four inches in width, the riffles in each being about eighteen inches apart, flush on both sides, and constructed of one and one-fourth inch dressed plank. The gain in each riffle was cut square across, three-eighths of an inch wide and four-eighths deep. Each gain was divided into several compartments by using short pieces of hoop-iron, and each compartment nearly filled with quicksilver. About an inch of water was allowed on the plank in the first sluice, three-fourths of an inch in the second, and about a half-inch in the third. At the beginning of the second sluice-box was a "grizzly" that permitted the water and sand to drop through to the third, and in the bottom and lower end of the latter were the amalgamated plates, over which the water ran not more than a half-inch deep. These plates were protected by a board forming a cover to the undercurrent. All three sluice-boxes were given a gradient of one and a quarter inches to the foot. This briefly described method was that mostly used in the limited amount of beach sluicing done in the summer of 1899.

Miners were not debarred from operating on a large scale last season by lack of funds, but principally by an insufficient supply of mercury, copper plates, timber, and small steam water-hoisting engines. Many patent rockers were in operation, and some of them with good success. In operating either on the beach or on the rivers or creeks, patience was a very desirable requisite, as one lost a considerable portion of the golden flakes when hurriedly rocking or sluicing.

Everywhere on the beach one constantly met with surprises. Here a former acquaintance, there a neighbor, yonder a youthful college graduate, while many of the miners were over fifty years of age. An elderly man from New York city, who was forced out of employment by the organization of a trust, scraped together enough of this world's goods to purchase a good outfit and reached Cape Nome early in the season of 1899, leaving wife and family at home praying for his ultimate success. After some considerable prospecting he finally located a claim with an excellent "pay streak." As the gold had accumulated in his rocker in rather large quantity, he was overcome with feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving, and his rugged frame shook with the emotions within, tears of joy affording a pleasant relief. For this moment he had withstood unaccustomed hard knocks, and suffered remorse of conscience in the thought that perhaps his family were by that time in rather straitened circumstances. But now, with a full realization of all that his newly found riches meant to the loved ones at home, he could not contain himself for joy. Many happenings of this nature occurred at Cape Nome last season, and will, no doubt, find repetition during the season of 1900. Some, on the discovery of a rich "pay streak," threw their hats into the air and shouted at the very top of their voices for joy. It was a spontaneous overflowing of innate good-nature, and no one but a sordid fellow held in check the feelings of gladness on beholding the desideratum of his most sanguine dreams of wealth. There were but few miners in the district who begrudged one any portion of success, as the great majority were more than pleased when a brother miner "struck it rich." This good-fellowship had its softening and refining influence, even though roughly expressed. Picture to your mind's fancy a sight of two or three thousand men and a few women rocking out gold along the beach, their hearts as light and gay as young school-children. It was infectious and drove away dull care from the

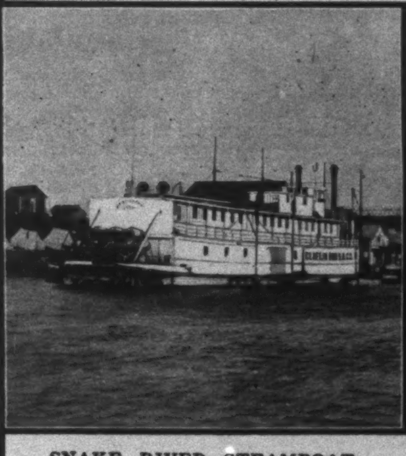
CLAIM FROM WHICH TWO MEN TOOK $10,000 IN FIFTEEN DAYS.



PRINCIPAL STREET, NOME CITY.

CLAIM FROM WHICH THREE MEN TOOK $22,000 IN THIRTY DAYS.

LIGHTERING PASSENGERS ASHORE.



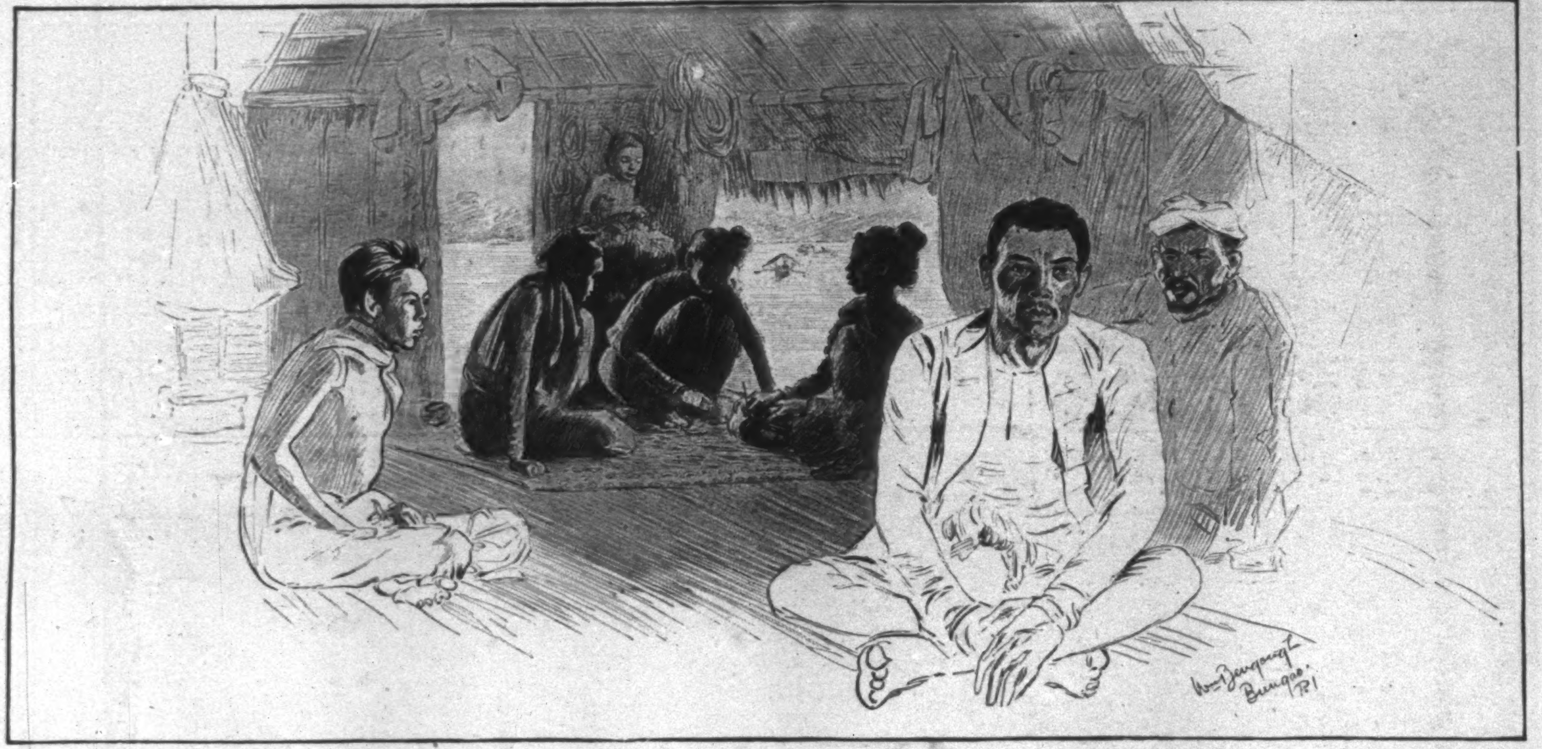
SNAKE RIVER STEAMBOAT.

UNITED STATES ARMY BARRACKS.

THE MAIL-CARRIERS.

THE MOUTH OF THE SNAKE RIVER.

THE PLACER MINES OF CAPE NOME.



INTERIOR OF A WEALTHY NATIVE'S HOUSE IN THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO.
DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

heart of many a new arrival in the district. The old-timer, as it were, was not importunate towards his new neighbor, nor were his attentions anomalous, even when the population of the beach became redundant.

The beach at Cape Nome ranged in width from eighty to two hundred feet, and the "pay streak" was found at a depth of from eighteen inches to four feet. While digging in the surface sand, the gold-pan was occasionally used to determine just when the "pay streak" was reached. There were several layers of clay, each having its respective "pay streak," and hence much care was necessary by the neophyte, lest he now and then in his hurry overlook a very productive strip of sand. A Cape Nome miner, who had placer-mined in many sections of the world, informed the writer that he uncovered as many as five "pay streaks" on the beach before reaching the final bed-rock stratum; some but four or five inches apart, while others were ten and twelve. During twelve hours' rocking, he removed the blanket six times, and the day's work produced $250 worth of gold dust. The "pay streaks" were usually found in a stratum of ruby or very fine black sand, but the general formation of the beach was of rather coarse gravel. It was, indeed, no uncommon sight to see man and wife respectively shovelling sand and ladling water into a rocker. In fact, a hundred or more women did very effective work on the beach last season, and their influence was felt alike in the government and work of the district. Several of them rocked out as high as $6000 each in the short summer season, having fortunately located very productive claims. They were the heroines of the district, receiving congratulations and praise from every member of the community. The illustrations herewith afford the reader an opportunity to pictorially witness the actual operations of rocking out gold from sea-beach sand—a novel sight, and practically unknown a year ago.

The rivers emptying into the ocean in the vicinity of Cape Nome have, at the very least, two hundred small tributaries, all of which, so far as prospected, produced gold in paying quantities. Snake River, at the mouth of which Nome City is located, has thirty-five tributaries already supplied with names. These rivers and creeks drain a large extent of auriferous territory termed tundra, it being a rolling, marshy, mossy plain. This plain proper extends for a distance of thirty miles parallel with the beach, and some three to five miles in width, reaching an elevation of about one hundred and sixty feet above tide-water, at its extreme width. The tundra terminates in a series of low-lying hills, which increase in height in proportion as the distance increases from the sea, finally terminating in a low range of mountains parallel to the sea-beach, and distant therefrom about fifty miles. The source of nearly all the rivers of the district is in this mountain chain, and many think it also the original source of all the placer gold in the district. It is, perhaps, not unlikely that the sea at no very remote period extended to the base of the mountains, and, by a constant but imperceptible change of the earth's position, has gradually receded to its present limits, leaving gold quite evenly distributed over the entire extent of country just described. Many seemingly well-founded theories are advanced to account for the apparent evenness of the gold distribution, as it is now a well-known fact that gold has been found in paying quantities in every part of the district where prospected. It is, perhaps, well to say that the tundra is variously stated to be composed of marine gravels, derived from the rocks of the mountains adjacent, and is largely limestone. The more nearly one approaches the mountains, the coarser becomes the gravel, bowlders of considerable size being often met with.

The largest amount of gold produced in the district this past season came from Anvil, Glacier, and Snow creeks, tributaries of Snake River, and from Dexter Creek, a tributary of Nome River. Both rivers find their way from the mountains to the sea through the very heart of the Cape Nome district, and both are navigable for small steam-craft a distance of twenty-five miles in the early summer, but within two months become too shallow. Anvil Creek, which joins Snake River about seven miles from the beach, was, by the efforts of Mr. G. W. Price, the first to produce any considerable quantity of gold. It is conservatively estimated that he mined, from a section of gravel twenty-five feet square by six deep, ten thousand dollars' worth of gold in eight days. Mr. Erich O. Lindbloom, however, was the first to locate a claim in the Cape Nome district, and Mr. H. L. Blake the original discoverer of gold on Anvil Creek. Mr. Lindbloom's claims on Anvil Creek—Discovery and number one below—were the pride of the district, as the former produced over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold in two months, and the latter increased this amount by half in the same period of time. These claims were operated on quite an extensive scale. The illustration herewith of number one below "Discovery" on Anvil Creek pictures to the reader the actual operations on one of nature's most productive placer mines. Nearly all the mining on the river and creek claims was done by a system of sluicing similar to that largely employed in the placer mines of California. The gold was much coarser than that of the beach diggings, and often carried nuggets of considerable size, the claim just mentioned having produced two this past season; the smaller valued at $315 and the larger at $435. The general characteristics of all the river and creek claims are alike, making it unnecessary to mention details of each.

Several tundra claims have been worked with extremely gratifying results. In one instance a steam-dredger was the *modus operandi* and a veritable bonanza to its owners. It handled an immense amount of material, but, however, at considerable expense. Many of them will be in use on the beach this coming season, and to a limited extent on the river-banks. The district will perhaps serve as an experimental station for the various patented gold-saving machines. There were no less than thirty-five varieties giving daily exhibitions in Seattle. It was no easy matter to mine on the tundra in the summer season, as the surface water was a constant source of annoyance. The fertile-brained American will, without doubt, soon find means to operate continuously. Nature's obstacles are to him but the true developer of his innate resources, as man will ever find the ways and means of extracting gold from the earth in whatever clime it may be found. Laborers were exceedingly scarce last season, even at $2 per hour, as nearly every one assumed that he could do much better rocking out gold, and for this very reason the erection of substantial buildings was delayed until late in the season of 1899, but somehow, and in some way, the thrifty and energetic had a rather substantial-looking town when the biting nor'easter came with its arctic breath.

Although often seen in print, it is well to mention that the output of the Cape Nome district for the season of 1899 was over $2,000,000, well authenticated by government and private institutions. Estimates for the season of 1900 range from seven to ten millions.

Nome City was a veritable beehive of industry. It is astounding when one stops to think how, of a sudden, a town of five or six thousand souls sprung into existence on this bleak and barren arctic waste. No fuel, no timber, no food-stuffs, were there to provide the necessaries of civilization, as all were imported from a base of supply three thousand miles distant. The general public but faintly realize the energy and indomitable push manifest in the upbuilding of this now world-famous town of Bering Strait. Last season lumber was exceedingly scarce and sold for $250 per thousand feet. There was a goodly supply of general merchandise, but prices were very high. During the open season of 1899, coal oil was $2 25 per gallon; sugar, 50 cents per pound; flannel shirts, $7 each; fresh beef or pork, $1 25 per pound; codfish, 80 cents per pound; flour, 40 cents per pound; candles, 50 cents each; oatmeal, 50 cents per pound; ham, $1 per pound; eggs, 25 cents each. Exceedingly plain meals ranged in price from $3 to $5 each. Even a bed without blankets in a tent cost $1 25 per night, and with blankets, $2 50. Beer sold at 50 cents per glass, and other malt or spirituous liquors in proportion. Nearly every one, however, appeared to have sufficient gold dust to more than pay prices current for all necessaries. Lots in Nome City sold at rather astounding figures, bringing as high as $600 some distance from the beach. A lot 30 feet by 120, with a shanty thereon, 14 by 16 feet, brought from $1500 to $2000, according to location. Rough board buildings situated on Nome City's main street have sold as high as $4000. There were plenty of saloons and gambling-dens to fleece the unwary of their hard-earned gold dust, and there were also many schemes to "bunco" the wayfaring man. These matters are usually incident to a new mining district, but no more prevalent in Nome City than elsewhere in the world, for towering far above it all was the sweeter and more gentle side of life, where man was not wholly selfish and felt in his heart that in a measure he was his brother's keeper. The members of the community were principally law-abiding, and desirous to promote its interests in a legitimate and altogether moral and business-like manner. For this very purpose, an election was held in September last, and the town placed under a municipal form of government typical of American municipalities in every respect. Mr. T. D. Cashell was elected as Mayor; Alonzo Rawson, Municipal Judge; James F. Rudd, Treasurer; D. P. Harrison, Municipal Clerk; Dr. Gregg, Health Officer; Key Pittman, City Attorney; D. K. B. Glenn, Surveyor; W. M. Eddy, Chief of Police; W. J. Allen, Chief of Fire Department; George M. Wright, W. Robertson, C. P. Dam, A. J. Lowe, Charles Pennington, and J. W. Donovan, Councilmen. The town had a fairly commodious hospital, and ample United States government barracks, which housed a military complement sufficient to afford Federal protection to every Nomeite.

On March 22 the writer had the pleasure of reading a letter received on that day from Nome City, bearing date of December 30, 1899. The letter was but two months and twenty-four days in traversing three thousand miles through a land that three years ago was considered practically uninhabitable by white man. Such a feat seems almost miraculous. The reader, sitting near the cozy fireside, can scarce picture the mail-carrier, with his trusty team of dogs, gliding along week after week over fields of ice and snow, with the thermometer ranging from forty to sixty degrees below zero. This late report mentioned many new finds of placer gold. Some a hundred or more miles inland, and other equally distant on the beach. Considerable mining was in progress on the Cape Nome tundra, and with very pleasing results. Thawing-machines were in operation on many claims, under disheartening climatic conditions, 'tis true, but with results to warrant continuous work. Many improvements in Nome City were chronicled, made possible by lower prices for lumber and labor. A deal was mentioned of Cape York's beach and tundra claims, and also of the Golvin Bay district. Both districts were compared most favorably with the Cape Nome district.

KITCHEN OF THE THIRD RESERVE.

CORRIDOR WARD, SECOND RESERVE.

A WARD IN THE SECOND RESERVE HOSPITAL. MAJOR F. R. KEFFER. DINING-ROOM OF THE THIRD RESERVE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

THE HOSPITALS OF MANILA. *By William Dinwiddie*

THERE were at Manila last spring, in hospitals and quarters, over five thousand sick soldiers out of an army of thirty thousand souls. If a correspondent asked General Otis how many sick there were, his usual reply was, "Oh, there may be two or three thousand, and a good many of them are not sick." Cable despatches respecting the number of sick were promptly suppressed, and the nearest approach to a rational explanation for this line of military conduct was to be found in General Otis's oft-repeated remark, "I do not wish to alarm the people at home."

As a matter of fact it would have been far better to trust our democratic people with the exact situation at all times, rather than to assume that the public was a hysterical weakling, needing to be daintily fed on sweetmeats and tenderly sequestered from contact with the actualities of life.

While the proper method of nursing the national baby is a profound and interesting subject, this story was not intended to touch upon it, but to outline how the sick of the army in the Philippines have been housed, cared for, and nursed back to life and health during the year and a half in which it has marched and fought in the heats and rains of a tropical clime.

To begin with, the Cuban or Porto-Rican campaigner is distinctly impressed with the healthy, wholesome look of our army in Luzon, as compared with the frightful aspect of the jaundiced, emaciated soldiers who returned from our West-Indian possessions after a few weeks' struggle.

As has been said, the sickness of the Philippine army has never gone above 18 per cent., except for very brief intervals after rapid advances were made, which prostrated the men physically for the time being, while in Cuba 90 per cent. of the command went flat on their backs in the death-struggle with pernicious malaria. The percentage of seriously ill has seldom gone over eight, and the numbers of those mortally sick are so small as to create surprise in the minds of medical officers in the field, who have witnessed the hardships confronting our troops in their camp life, and the physical excesses they have been put to in forced marches through boggy rice-swamps and through tangled cane-fields, under a sun which burns the skin to a blister in the steaming atmosphere or again under drenching rains which chill the thinned blood to the very marrow. By all the laws of hygiene more men should go down from exposure.

It will be understood and appreciated by careful thinkers that no army actively campaigning in the field, whatever the climate, will be without a large number of physically incapacitated men. The fact which has caused the greatest astonishment, in this region fourteen degrees above the equator, is the remarkably small number of epidemic, infectious, and contagious diseases that have made themselves manifest. Competent medical men say that it is extremely doubtful whether there would be a smaller percentage of sickness in an army of this size campaigning in northern United States during the months of July and August, and that a considerable increase might certainly be expected if the operations were carried on in the Gulf States during the same months of the year. There is no yellow fever in the Philippines, neither has a malignant type of malaria, such as the army had in Cuba, ever developed; isolated cases of typhoid fever arise now and then, but there never has been an indication of such frightful epidemics of this dread disease as we had in our volunteer camps at home, and what we have here has probably been imported. Small-pox among the natives, upon which several picturesque writers on these islands dwell with horrifying and dramatic emphasis, never did exist to the alarming degree portrayed, or, if it did, it had been practically stamped out before the advent of Americans in force. It is never a scourge, and the army has had in its ranks but a very few cases.

The two truly great afflictions of our army living in this perpetual summer are dysentery and a mild form of malaria. Next to these, bad colds, bronchitis, and pneumonia have to be constantly combated, and half a dozen skin diseases infest the flesh in this region, where a thousand clinging parasites thrive, in their struggle for existence, by the malign infestion of other living forms.

It is not the mere physical labor of the campaign which lays the soldier low, though in every advance men drop out by scores through heat prostration. It can be shown that in nine-tenths of such cases where the men break down on the march, they have been suffering from primary weakening influences, such as diarrhea, dysentery, or malarial fever. The great trouble lies in the never-ending summer; men lose flesh and then lose resisting power; mal-assimilation sets in from the coarse government ration, combined with indiscriminate fruit-eating, which no military order can regulate, and the use of beer, whiskey, and vino. It is then that dysentery claims the soldier as a victim. In less than two weeks he is an emaciated wreck, and can only be brought back to health and strength again by careful nursing in good hospitals and on carefully prescribed diet. Concomitant with this trouble, he may fall a prey to any one of several bacterial diseases.

As to the disposition of the ailing one: He may be sick in quarters, where he is exempt from active duty and allowed to lie on his cot; his diet, however, is the government ration. If his case prove serious enough to demand medical treatment he is removed to the nearest one of several field-hospitals, where he receives more or less careful nursing. If the trouble prove refractory, or typhoid or some other lingering disease supervene, he is taken to one of the several hospitals in Manila, or possibly sent to the Salubrious Hospital on Corregidor Island.

It is the writer's intention to describe the hospital service in Manila alone, though there are field-hospitals of much interest, where an all-too-small but competent force of army surgeons, nurses, and hospital corps minister to the needs of the unfortunates.

As there is much to criticise in the great hospital known as the First Reserve—though it is now somewhat improved—the brighter side of the story may be told by describing the model institution known as the Second Reserve, and the Third Reserve Supplementary Hospital No. 1.

It is Saturday inspection at the Second Reserve. Major F. R. Keffer, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who selected the magnificent building (formerly a Catholic seminary for girls), and therein organized the hospital, of which he is justly proud, is inspecting the hospital corps of ninety men. They stand at rigid attention, upon the tiled floor, in the cool shade of the immense veranda, while their personal appearance is critically examined. At the words "Break ranks" they disappear through the great doorway, and Major Keffer begins his inspection of the interior of the hospital, accompanied by a sergeant steward, who orders attention at the door of each room.

The hospital corps live upon the ground-floor; the six large rooms in which they are quartered are models of cleanliness and order. Every man's chest

is open at the moment, and he stands erect at the foot of his white, net-covered cot.

Next come the store-rooms, from which all clothing, bedding, and a hundred different articles other than medicines are issued. Across the hall is the room where the patients' effects are cared for. Great racks cover the entire floor space, and hanging from them, in carefully labelled and numbered packages, are the clothing, haversacks, and trinkets of each man lying white and suffering on the floors above. His name and number are entered in a book, and if the poor fellow dies, his belongings are sent to the captain of his company, who returns the purely personal effects to his family, to his sweetheart, or to his wife, as the case may be.

The hospital commissary supply department is piled ceiling-high with good things to eat, such as come in tins, boxes, or bags. The eye follows around the rows of labels, which read like this: corn meal, lime juice, condensed milk, evaporated cream, sugar, rice, green corn, coffee, rolled oats, cracked wheat, baking-powder, extracts, corn-starch, oysters (canned), salmon (canned), tea, lard, extract of beef, Mellin's food, evaporated peaches and apples, marmalades, Ferris hams (in barrels), baked beans, macaroni, prunes, breakfast bacon, sugar pease, tomatoes, canned peaches and pears, canned butter, and canned soups. Besides those enumerated there are many more things, and every fresh vegetable and fruit obtainable in the local markets is secured. Refrigerator meats from Australia are issued every day by the commissary department.

A new kitchen has been built, detached from the main building so that the heat may not find its way into the hospital, and on one side of the room stands a line of immense hotel ranges. The chef is a specially trained man, who has five Chinese assistant cooks under him.

The main office where the clerical work is done is downstairs, and telephone and telegraph wires connect the hospital with all the others, headquarters, and the various garrisons at the front.

The bath-rooms and showers—six in number—are on the ground-floor. Every man who is able is expected to take a bath once in two days in the scrupulously clean, rectangular, tiled bath-tubs. When a patient is too weak to walk he is bathed in a tub placed at his bedside. The most approved earth-closets are used, and they are inspected and cleaned every fifteen minutes religiously.

All the water used in the hospital, taken from the city's supply, is first boiled and then carried through the Maignen siphon filter. The greatest care is taken that it shall not afterwards receive any contamination. No two patients are allowed to drink from the same glass, and such utensils are carefully carbolized after having once touched human lips.

On October 7 there were 292 patients in the great roomy wards upstairs. There have been as many as 400, but the number ranges between the 200 and 350 mark. If one must be sick in a hospital, no more ideal surroundings can be imagined. The immense slatted blinds reaching to the ceiling shut out the light, but let in the air; or, when the patients are convalescent they may be slid back in their grooves until the whole of that part of the buildings seems open to the outside air of heaven.

The largest ward has forty-four beds, and the others range from twenty-six to thirty-eight. Besides the half-dozen wards and corridors there are six small rooms of half a dozen beds each, in which very serious cases demanding incessant attendance and nursing are placed.

Everything is excessively clean and neat; the sheen of the polished hard-wood floors is not dimmed by a speck of dust; the long lines of cots, bearing their human burdens racked with pain and disease, are covered with spotless white; each bed has its woven-wire spring and a hair mattress, and is made up with two snow-white sheets, a light woollen blanket, and one or two pillows filled with hair or feathers, at the option of the patient. At each bedside is placed a comfortable wicker arm-chair and a small table. At night mosquito-nets shroud the little beds, and, if it were not for the knowledge that under them lie fevered faces and emaciated bodies, the effect of the dim moving lights and the gliding shadowy figures of the soft-footed nurses amid the diaphanous screens would be called very charming.

Every patient is furnished with a pair of slippers, a suit of pajamas, towels, soap, sponge, and toilet articles.

In the ward where brave little Miss Wheeler holds her vigils over the sick are some of the worst cases of typhoid, and the foot of each cot is decorated by a queer-looking fever chart, which shows, in its zigzag lines traced hour by hour, the race of the dread disease. One feels like paying a tribute to this delicate woman, who, actuated by a sense of duty and mercy, has, for over a year, given her strength and vitality to lessening the sufferings of our soldiers, without thought of compensation or reward; in fact, it is well known that many dollars have found their way out of her own and her father the general's pocket to purchase little comforts not readily obtainable.

While speaking of nurses, too much credit cannot be given to that coterie of philanthropic women, among whom are such noted names as Mrs. James Speyer and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who founded the society known as the Red Cross Auxiliary No. 3, for the maintenance of nurses, and sent out to the Philippines, as they did also to Cuba and Porto Rico, a brave little band of the best technically trained nurses from well-known hospitals. They have been veritable angels of mercy among the sick of the crowded hospitals. While the surgeon-general's department will not relish the remark, it is the fact that during the earlier months of the war the hospital corps was, through necessity, rapidly enlarged by raw and untrained recruits, who, while they might have been brave acquisitions on the firing-line, were, in their awkward ministrations to the sick, very like bulls in a china-shop. In all fairness, however, it must be added that the weeding-out process has gone steadily forward, until (with the excellent professional women nurses selected by those in charge of the work in Washington) the army hospital corps has been brought up to a high standard of efficiency.

The Second Reserve has an operating-room of which it may well be proud, as it is supplied with practically every convenience for manipulation and every instrument for operation known to modern surgery. Dr. Ernest F. Robinson is the man most spoken of in connection with this ward, and he has performed some very marvellous operations successfully. To so high a degree of perfection has gunshot surgery been brought by our young American surgeons, who have been with the army for over a year, that they feel the loss of a man who has once reached the hospital as a personal reflection on their skill. A man may have a compound and splintering fracture of the great bone of the leg (which actually tears it to pieces), but he must not lose his limb. He may have all the small bones of the foot exploded by a Mauser bullet, like dashing Lieutenant Batson, who led the Macabebe scouts, but the foot must be saved and not amputated. He may be shot through the centre of the brain, like Major Diggles of the Second Oregon, and still be kept alive for ten days, or, if only a slight perforation be made, he is expected to live.

It is the bullet perforation of the intestines and stomach which still baffles them, though Major Shiels, who is Wheaton's chief surgeon, claims to have recently saved the life of an insurgent soldier shot through the abdomen from front to rear. All other wounds, except where they prove fatal immediately, as when the shot is through the heart, the bronchial arteries, the jugular, the brain, or the spine, are considered possible of cure. Wounds through the lungs and liver are easy problems; the picking up of big arteries is child's play, and the splicing together of several tendons is an almost daily occurrence. The great secret of success lies not only in the skill of the operators, but in the application of antiseptic bandages in the field, and the use of every precaution on the operating-table to prevent the admission of germ-life to the wound.

The next-best hospital in Manila is known as the Third Reserve or Secondary Hospital, though General Otis does not admit that it is a hospital at all, and has refused to appropriate money for making the necessary repairs to this old Spanish infantry barracks, which he considers only a temporary abiding-place for the overflow of sick, whom he has, for over a year, believed would decrease in numbers sufficiently to come within the limits of the other two buildings.

This old structure, with its low buildings constructed around a rectangular court, is situated near the famous Luneta, just outside the massive parapeted wall of the fortified city. Its full capacity for the sick is 300, and while the number of patients has at times gone above this figure, it has as an average an infirm population of 250.

The establishment and grounds were a mass of reeking filth when first entered by the American doctors, and, with no appropriations for placing them in sanitary condition, some able scheming has been done with the quartermaster's department on the part of the officers in charge to accomplish this rehabilitation without attracting the attention of the past-master of detail in the palace. There are five wards, each room (rather badly lighted) being fifty-two feet wide by ninety-eight feet long, and each containing an average of fifty beds—or fifty-six feet of floor space to every patient. Captain Kulp, the surgeon in charge, has both an informal daily and a weekly dress-parade inspection, so that everything is scrupulously clean, even down to the ground of the enclosure, upon which one never sees a leaf or stray scrap of paper.

A printed order is issued each morning for the hospital corps, indicating the specific duties of every man for that particular day, and in case of any shortcomings the individual in charge of any particular department, or doing a certain class of work, is held personally responsible. The system of rotation in duties has been followed with great success, and by this method every man in the corps gains experience in all the various lines of hospital work. In practice it is really a training-school for hospital corps men. They turn in daily reports, and upon them are marked their standing for that day—good, fair, poor, bad, depending upon what the day's inspection may disclose.

A patient here is supplied with clothing and toilet articles in the same way as at the Second Reserve. The dispensary is well stocked with everything needed in the way of medicine, and incidentally it may be said that the surgeon-general's office in Washington has been most generous in its supply of medical stores for the Philippines.

Every sick man, when he begins to mend, demands food, and a convalescent soldier, who has eaten "government straight" for months in the field, is absolutely insatiable. He is a gastronomic prodigy, calling for everything he ever tasted in the Philippines—except bacon and hardtack—and everything he can remember having eaten in his palmiest days in America. He

STREET ON CORREGIDOR ISLAND, WHERE THERE IS A HOSPITAL FOR CONVALESCENTS.

VIEW FROM THE OFFICERS' WARD OF CORREGIDOR ISLAND OF THE CHANNEL BY WHICH DEWEY ENTERED MANILA BAY.

lies awake nights thinking how he can surreptitiously raid the kitchens, or how he can pass the guard at the dining-room door twice, and thus secure two whole dinners, even though he be oppressed by the first. Dr. Kulp devised a scheme of meal-tickets to be presented at the entrance of the dining-room and collected each day—one kind for light diet and another for regular meals. At first the tickets were good for the day and punched at the words breakfast and dinner, and collected at supper-time. The hungry man with a full-meal ticket would come in, eat a meal where he was given as much as he wanted, and then pass towards the door, stooping long enough at the feet of the ticket-puncher, ostensibly to tie his shoe, but really to pick up the circular bits of paper dropping from the punching-machine. Once outside he neatly fitted the punched circle into the card and sold the ticket for ten cents to some man who was living on a prescribed light diet. The light-diet man worked the same dodge, selling his ticket to the man who wanted a delicate dessert of soups, chicken, tea, and toast! Now every ticket is furnished with a detachable coupon for each meal, a plan which, so far, the clever soldier has not been able to evade. The full-meal-ticket man will, however, exchange tickets with the light-diet man, for a consideration, when the pangs of hunger are not too acute.

Do not waste sympathy on the poor devil of a light-diet man, nor fear he may be dying of slow starvation; here are the bills of fare for one day:

Breakfast—Boiled eggs (up to four); toast (as many slices as you want); butter; and coffee (two cups).

Dinner—Roast beef (as much as you can eat); baked potatoes (as much as you can eat); apple pudding; toast, and tea.

Supper—Beef soup (thick and nourishing); gingerbread; toast; butter; apple sauce, and tea.

The light-diet kitchens in both the Second Reserve and Third Reserve hospitals are presided over by the Red Cross nurses, who skilfully prepare all the dietary combinations known to modern cookery which may coax the invalid back to health and strength.

A man living on liquid diet may have, for a single meal, beef tea, oyster broth, malted milk, and possibly some weak tea. The whole gamut of soups, broths, eggs, milk-toast gruels, eggnogs, milk-punches, champagne, and brown stout is run, until being sick, even in a Manila hospital, does not seem an unmitigated evil.

Malingering—or playing off sick—is one of the evils for which hospital doctors must be ever on the alert. There are only a few such "cold-footed" individuals, who prefer the hospital to the firing-line. General Otis has very frankly insinuated that there is a large percentage of men in the hospitals who are not sick at all, and at different times and upon many occasions he has informed almost every correspondent out here that he could go into the hospitals and take out 25 per cent. of the men who were quite fit for active service. Such a statement is, of course, absurd, for a careful medical corps diagnoses all the cases, and is better able to judge whether men are sick or not than even the general commanding the forces. It is too great a temptation to resist telling how General Otis sent a line captain of the Twenty-second Infantry from the Palace to make personal investigation of the sick of his regiment in the Manila hospitals, saying that half of them were only feigning sickness, and desiring each individual case to be reported to him. How he expected a man without technical training in medicine to determine the physical condition of the men is not explained. The chief surgeon's office is in the same building with the general's, and on their files are to be found the daily diagnosis and report of each case. It is quite as difficult to understand why, when a list of twelve insane soldiers, arranged in alphabetical order, who were recommended to be sent home to America, was submitted to him, he should have selected the first six and ordered that those whose names began with the later letters of the alphabet should be kept in Manila for further observation. If only six could be sent back the medical men would undoubtedly have preferred to select the worst cases.

One other anecdote of General Otis, told frequently among the medical fraternity of the Philippines, is a good one. When the transport which bore him to the far-off islands was at Honolulu, the young surgeon on board reported, the day before sailing again, that he had two cases of measles on the ship which should be put ashore. It is said the general listened quietly, and then exclaimed, when the doctor stopped talking: "Nonsense! It is impossible. Let me see the men." The surgeon took him below-decks where he had his measles cases isolated. The general looked at the sick men hard, and then turned to the doctor, remarking as he did so: "Those men haven't measles at all! Keep them on the ship." This rather staggered the young surgeon, but he pluckily stood his ground, stammering out, "I—I have diagnosed those cases as measles, general, but if you will give me an official statement that they aren't measles there is no reason why the men should not continue the voyage." The general eyed him a second and then strode away. Next morning he sent an orderly to say, "The commanding general instructs you to put the two men with measles ashore."

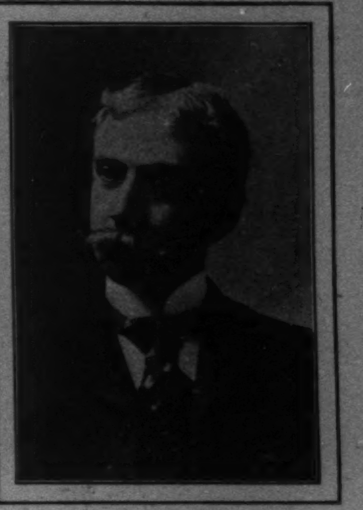
The most remarkable case was that of a man who spent several months in the hospital with a bad leg, which he apparently could not straighten out. He hobbled around on crutches, yelled with pain whenever the surgeons attempted to straighten out his knee-joint, and fooled the doctors completely into believing he was suffering from some acute muscular trouble. To determine whether or not he was feigning, the surgeons held a consultation over him in the operating-room; one man suggested they make four incisions to the bone above the knee, hold the flesh back with hooks, and scrape the bone, which undoubtedly must be diseased. Another doctor demurred, and insisted that the only way to operate on such a case was to chisel out a block of flesh several inches square, in the modern French way, split the bone of the leg, and see if the marrow was not affected. During this conversation they stood around the man on the table, with instruments in their hands, but he never whimpered. As the steward sprinkled ether on the face-cloth, ready to etherize him, some one remarked, "We will probably kill him," but he calmly let them put him to sleep. When he came to he found splints and yards of bandages on his leg. He lay on the cot slowly recovering from his doze, when a steward remarked, "Say, the doctors didn't find a thing the matter with you—you're a damned fraud." Surprisingly enough, he admitted it, but added he reckoned he was hurt pretty badly now. It took about a minute to tear the bandages from his leg and exhibit it unscathed before his astonished eyes. He gave in and was court-martialled for his deception.

It is with some trepidation that one approaches the subject of the great First Reserve Hospital in a spirit of criticism, for fear of appearing to cast reflections on the hampered medical staff of this institution. As many as 1400 soldiers have at one time writhed in agony, tossed in delirium, or lain still and white with the exhaustion of some dread disease within the confines of its walls. It is called Otis's hospital by the medical fraternity, for with the details of its affairs he has concerned himself most closely, with the usual effect, wherever his hand is actively felt, of handicapping its effective organization and administration.

It was originally the old Spanish hospital of Manila, and lies just outside the walled city, to the east, on the banks of the Pasig. Weeds grew in every corner, filth filled every gutter, and the accumulated dirt of years was piled from end to end when the Americans gained possession of the city. It was promptly put into use by General Otis, in spite of its horrible sanitary condition, and for several months sick American soldiers were subjected to malodorous exhalations while the cleaning process went on. Its original capacity was 450 patients, but, in the face of medical protests, the general insisted on making these wholly inadequate and pestilential quarters the dumping-ground for the constantly increasing number of sick, until the high-water mark of 1400 dying and enfeebled men was reached. In wards where the Spanish, uncleanly, uncaring as they were, put but two rows of beds, we not only crowded in four rows, but placed them so closely together that the attendants and nurses could hardly move between them. Every available vacant piece of ground within the high iron fence was covered with wooden-floored wall-tents, and these were crowded full of sick men. The inner wards were very dark and gloomy, the ventilation was bad, the closely lying sick prevented the proper cleaning of the floors, the hospital corps was far too small, and still it is said that the general held, whenever the situation was presented to him, that the quarters were ample, that soon we should have fewer sick, and that the building of new and roomier quarters was not a necessity. One must live in Manila and associate with the competent and hard-working medical corps to appreciate the deep feeling of resentment they have against the general commanding for the economical attitude he has taken in regard to the hospitals.

The writer has been asked not to criticise the First Reserve too harshly, for fear of reflecting upon the ability and integrity of the conscientious, hard-working corps of surgeons who have struggled to better conditions against overwhelming odds. There is not, however, a medical officer who would not unhesitatingly say that Otis's hospital is over-crowded to twice or three times its capacity, and if he knew you well, he would confidentially tell you who is to blame for such a shocking state of affairs.

Bureau of Statistics



O. P. AUSTIN.

NOT very long ago the President of the United States was about to send a message to Congress, when it was discovered that certain data were lacking. It was then but a few hours to the time when the message was to be made public, and the need was urgent. There was no anxiety manifested, however, for it was known, as was then and there proved, that a requisition upon the government Bureau of Statistics would bring the desired figures speedily, accurately, and in intelligible array. This is one of the purposes of the bureau, and its records are so complete and up to date, its employees so accurate and familiar with the work, that chiefs of departments, members of Congress, and latterly the public, have learned to depend with absolute confidence upon this source for information concerning nearly every subject which concerns the development of not only the United States, but the world at large.

The Bureau of Statistics is a subdivision of the Treasury Department. Previous to 1866 the national statistics were gathered and compiled by the Register of the Treasury, but the extent and growing importance of the work necessitated more serious recognition, and in 1866 the law was passed creating the present bureau. The work accomplished by this minor department of the government is now immensely valuable to the people of a growing country, and is far-reaching in its influence. In the pages of its publications can be read the history of American commerce in all its details year by year. Upon these compilations of figures are based the tariff laws, special legislation for particular industries, and all international trade treaties. The value of this or that product to the people can be seen at a glance. The importance of any country as a customer or as a provider to the United States is told with accuracy in dollars and cents. From these documents Presidents write messages, Senators draw material with which to oppose or ratify treaties, and their use in the making of speeches for the pages of the *Congressional Record* is shown on the pages of that journal of Congressional proceedings.

The regular publications of the Bureau of Statistics are the *Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance*, an annual volume relating to commerce and navigation, and an annual *Statistical Abstract*, which presents in condensed form the history of the commerce of the United States for the past year and for terms of many years preceding. Advance sheets or parts of these reports are issued during the year under different titles. In addition to these compilations of figures the bureau issues monographs upon timely subjects as they occupy public attention, and prepares numerous statements for the press.

The monographs issued during the past two years have been of special interest. The expansion of the United States brought a vast amount of extra labor to the Bureau of Statistics, for information concerning new territory was eagerly sought by all. The cable service of the world, Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines were all made the subjects of special reports. Then the Eastern question came up, and monographs were immediately issued on China, Japan, Russia, and the Trans-Siberian Railroad. In fact, it is difficult to name a subject concerning foreign and domestic trade upon which the Bureau of Statistics has not furnished the data for all that has subsequently been said or written.

The circulation of these publications reached last year nearly one hundred thousand copies. They were sent on request to every class of people at home or abroad. They have been used for text-books in the schools, and are the basis for all reference libraries. The greatest demand is for the *Statistical Abstract*, 6000 of these having been asked for. The appropriation for the bureau this year is about fifty thousand dollars. This employs a force of thirty experts, including translators, specialists, and compilers.

The present chief of the bureau is O. P. Austin, formerly a Washington newspaper man and statistical writer. He was appointed in 1898, after having served as editor of the Republican campaign literature in 1896, which consisted largely of statistics concerning the tariff and financial policies of all the countries of the world. Mr. Austin is now especially interested in preparing a new work to be called *The Statistical Abstract of the World*. It will take a year or more to complete the first edition, but the intention is now to issue the work each subsequent year, revising it up to the date of publication. It will be the first thing of its kind ever undertaken by any government, and will be of proportionate value to the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, which is now the hand-book of information for every one interested in national affairs, general or special.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

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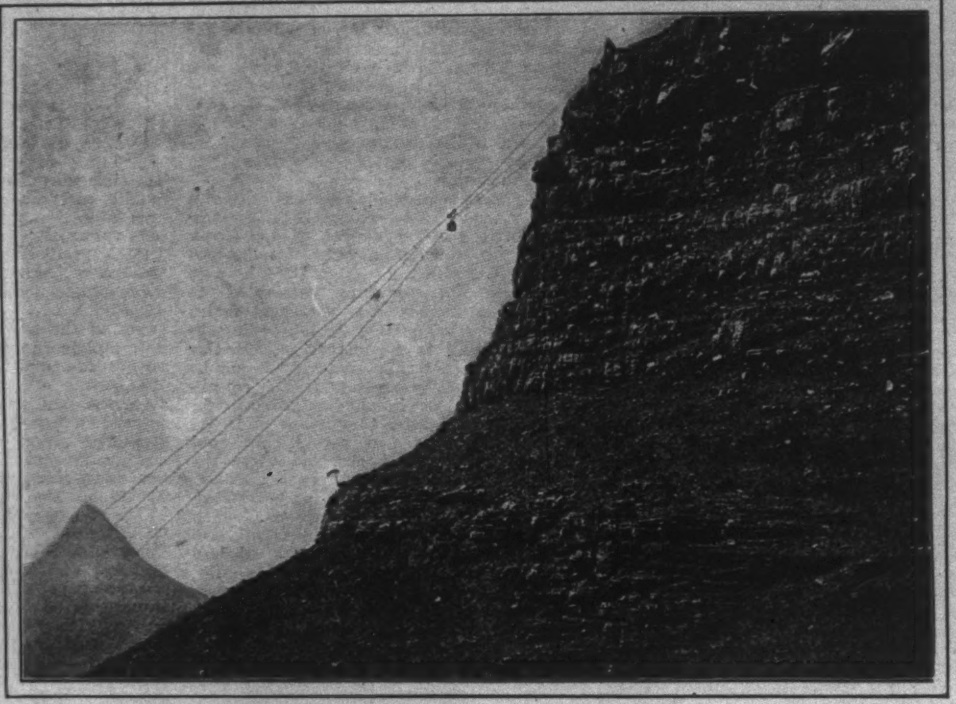


THE CABLE, WITH CAR ASCENDING.

THE AERIAL TROLLEY TO THE SUMMIT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE TOWN.

A DAY OF MODERN WAR. *By Julian Ralph*

IT is only half past four o'clock in the morning when we are drinking our cocoa and munching our biscuits. We have been roused two hours earlier than this when we were going to battle, which we think not to be the case now, for Spytfontein, where the Boers are supposed to be, is fifteen miles away, and eleven miles is the longest march we have yet taken in a day.

Already the sun is beginning to exert the hideous strength it possesses in summer time on the veldt. It has risen and has become a fire in the East. Tommy Atkins, always buttoned to the throat, bandaged to the insteps, and coated to the wrists, is beginning to strap himself up in the harness of a horse; of a cart-horse, mind you, not with the far lighter trappings of a carriage-horse. Over his shoulders and down his breast, across his back and around his waist, he is fitting—always with the help of a comrade—the complexity of quarter-inch straps and quarter-pound buckles which he must wear because Wellington's soldiers wore them. Upon this brutal harness hang the cartridge-pouches, water-bottle, haversack, bayonet-sheath and, in some cases, the shovels which the poor wretches must carry. Except that one knew that men can get used to anything—even death—one never could comprehend how these unconsulted atoms survived such a rig in such a climate.

At least two minds in the army ran to thinking of how our American soldiers flung away their coats in Cuba and went into battle in their shirts and trousers. But we needed not to look so far, presently, for there came to this same army certain Australians and New Zealanders and certain men of Canada called Strathconas' Horse, who did their share with the regulars, and yet were costumed as sensibly as so many cowboys, in light wide hats, with bandoliers at angles over their torsos for their cartridges—free and easy, supple and ready for everything. Such was the gear of Rimington's Tigers or "Night Cats." And the days were to come when we were to see hundreds of men at work in fixed camps in their shirt sleeves; aye, and one of us was to have a British colonel say to him: "How good the boys feel at being able to shed their coats! Why on earth could they not have fought their battles so, as the Americans did in Cuba? What damned nonsense old countries do perpetuate!"

It must have been half past five o'clock when we began the forward march—in a very wide mass, though only one battalion deep, except where the convoy trailed after the Lancers or the Guards on the right, and the field and horse artillery bumped their guns behind us of the Ninth Brigade in the centre and left. It was a beautiful sight to see; the long thin skirmish-line ahead, and half a mile back the general and his staff; then the battalions in quarter-column formation, each led by its colonel and one or two of his officers. Every man was in khaki and the cannons were colored like the men. At dusk you could not have seen us a quarter of a mile away, and now in broad day I doubt if any of us were visible—except the Lancers—anything like a mile off.

Everybody swung along as if on parade, the officers keeping their horses at a walk and looking idly to the right and left, the men striding sturdily with chins up, but chaffing and sending repartee to and fro, in low voices, as shuttles are sent across a steam loom. The transport came along soberly and quietly for one of the first times in South-African warfare. The way ahead was over slightly rising ground uplifted at the distant river and sloping down to us—but it appeared to be level.

Say what you will and think what you may of our Intelligence department and our scouts, it is nevertheless true that we did not know we were going into battle. While we loafed a day by the muddy pan behind us we were told that a few Boers—about three hundred—were intrenched before a little village a few miles ahead. We also heard that our Mounted Infantry would be able to do for them, and that our army would find no Boers there when it came to the place. Presently we halted.

We halted a long time—more than half an hour—and then again trudged ahead. Two war correspondents were riding well forward when they suddenly realized that a small darkness far ahead and on the right of the field was composed of horsemen. Spurring their horses and taking out their field-glasses they advanced until their view was better still. They saw that the horsemen—from three hundred to five hundred in number—were obviously bent upon attracting our attention. They broke up into several bands which dashed about to the right and left only to close together again and ride away slowly in one body. The glasses of the correspondents showed that these were men in motley garb, clothed in suits of many cuts and colors, as would be the case if they were the peasantry or farmers of any other country-side. They were Boers. It was difficult to realize; for the Boers had never shown themselves to us, and these men were not only revealing themselves, but in an unmistakably impudent manner. The correspondents rode back and met a colonel and a scout riding at the head of a battalion. "Those are Boers," said the correspondents. The self-sufficient colonel replied that they could not be Boers. The correspondents insisted, saying that they had seen them to be Boers. The colonel appealed to the fat-headed scout who rode beside him. "There are not so many Boers within a dozen miles," said the scout; "I have been all over that region only yesterday. The Boers are waiting for us at Spytfontein behind the Majrsfontein hills yonder. The men you saw are our Mounted Infantry."

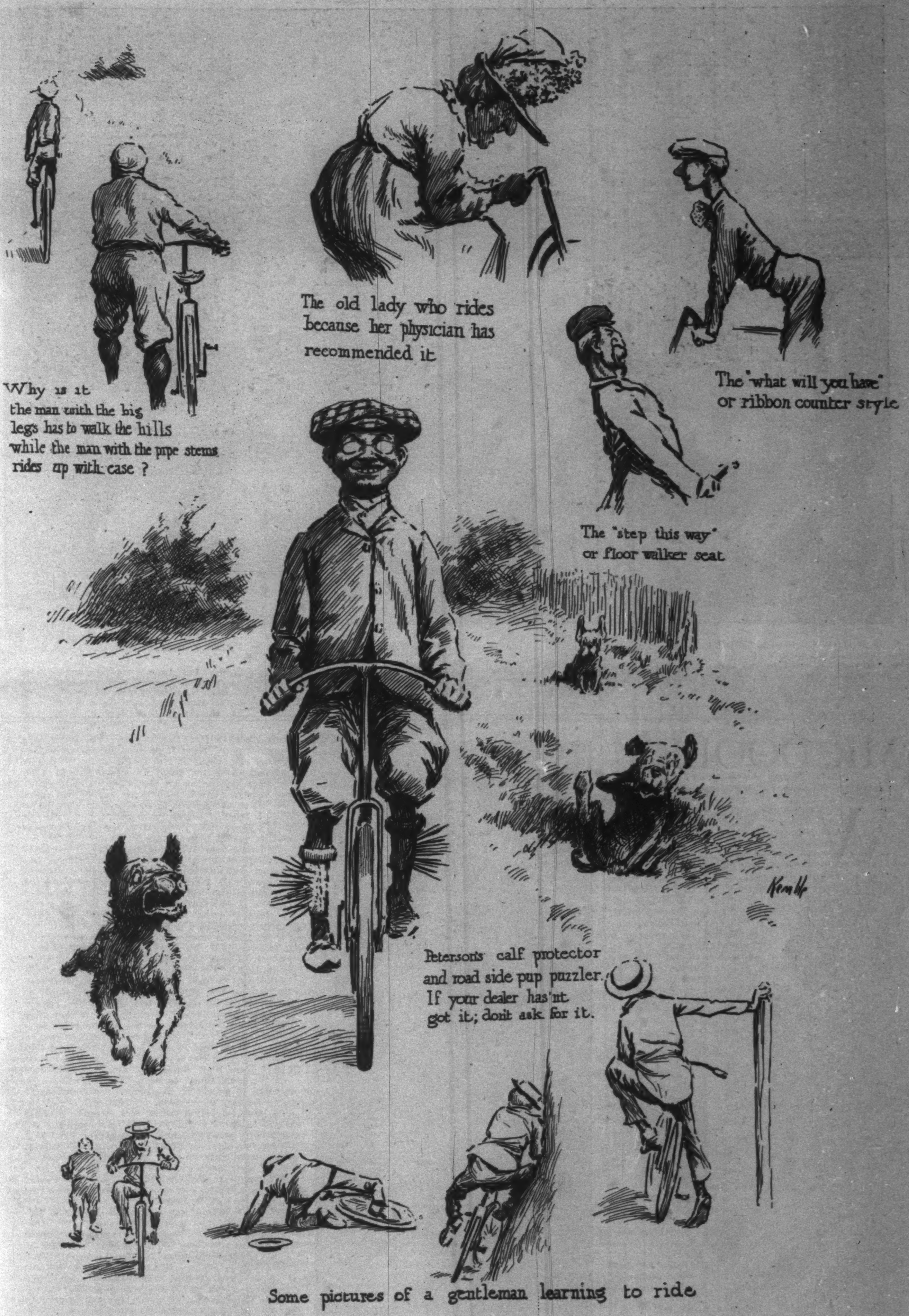
It is impossible to say how such a recital affects the non-military reader, but to us who marched and fought and waged a war amid the fog and uncertainty of such conditions the strain of the situation became almost unbearable.

The correspondents saw the Boers put spurs to their horses, saw the Mounted Infantry appear behind in quick pursuit, saw the Ninth Lancers and a field battery follow. They, too, forged after the others, leaving the army of infantry still parading along, but presently finding themselves in the heat of the battle of Modder River Station—or "Modder River," as most prints call it.

It is not the purpose here to describe again the great and fearful battle of Modder River. Suffice it that here, for the first time in the experience of the armies operating on the western side of the continent, the Boers left their kopjes and took to trenches in the veldt—amazed and alarmed by the truly awesome courage of the British in rushing up the steep hills against sheets of bullets, undismayed and undeterred by whatever toll Death collected from their ranks. One who has watched them through seven months of the war feels the right to declare with confidence that the Boers have no courage of the sort we Anglo-Saxons know and exercise. Moreover, they detest it in others. Every foreigner in the Boer forces who has discussed the matter has said that he found his usefulness to them crippled because the Boers would never attack, never expose themselves in the open, would only fight lying down and hidden behind something. Most, if not all, foreigners who allied themselves with the Boers have had a disagreeable experience because these people distrust all strangers, resent their offers of advice, and are rendered highly uncomfortable by the extraordinary and, in their eyes, mad tendency of all other white men to risk their skins and lives unnecessarily in battle. Albrecht knew them; they had long known him, and he was allowed to advise, command, and lead an army of the Boer forces. But even he used to risk his unique place among them by deliberately standing up in battle.

We fought for nearly twelve hours in baking heat, and with never a sight of the enemy after that first impudent appearance of the few on horseback in the early morning—at least with never a sight of them except at a little point on the extreme left, where, as the men of Pole-Carew's brigade dashed across the Modder a few Boers were seen clambering over the walls of some gardens and kraals to leap upon their horses and be gone. One longs for the art of a Hugo to paint in all its weird and uncanny lights and phases the sensations of an army which fights an unseen foe during an entire day, feeling its ranks decimated by missiles that come from no one knows where and which men of more imagination than the rank and file possess might fancy to be an essence or a deadly vapor in the atmosphere. We saw the rude line of trees and bushes which skirted the river, and from its neighborhood we knew that the sound of the enemy's rifles proceeded; but the very great majority of us did not know, even at the close of the fight, on which side of the water the enemy was intrenched. That sound of the rifle fire! It was not only the fiercest, most multitudinous volleying that, in all probability, had ever been heard upon this earth, but it was so long maintained—during so many hours—that the mere strain of having to listen to it and of hearing the equally continuous and equally numerous whistlings of the bullets, became to some of us well-nigh unendurable. It has been roughly estimated that something like a million and a half of cartridges were used jointly by the two armies. And yet only a comparatively few men were killed and wounded. In that battle we had it forced upon us to conclude either that the latter-day Boer is not a good marksman, or that the modern magazine-rifle is destructive of good marksmanship. We fancy that the English private is a better shot, and certainly he has had a drilling in the use of the new weapon at target practice just as the Boer had in the handling of the sporting rifle in days that are gone. But in this way the Boer, slapping in his "clip" of cartridges, and having only to move a finger a few times in order to empty his piece, assuredly shoots wildly in the ranks, and leaves the most damage to be done by his sharp-shooters, who pot at individuals and are condemnedly clever at it.

In some way, more by the nature of circumstances than by any quicker mode, that dreadful day came to an end at last. Dusk came, a few of the British crossed the river and raised a cheer, the Boers fled, and their sharp-shooters covered their retreat with firing that went on until dark. Never was darkness blacker. A burning house on the northern or Boer's side of the river illuminated a tiny bit of the veldt. Elsewhere a black blanket covered all nature. All day thousands of men had been gnawingly hungry and thirsty beyond the power of description in English. It is said that when the Boers ran away scores, perhaps hundreds, of the British who had been lying prone in the sun all day, broke for the river and waded in it, scooping up the water in helmetfuls to drink it.



SUMMER DAYS AWHEEL.

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. VI.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF. "What's that feller up to, Rafe?"
RAFE. "Why, if any one wants milk, he'll stop his menagerie and supply it to 'em fresh."
UNCLE JEFF. "But what do they want goats' milk for?"
RAFE. "For the French kids, of course!"

MR. DOOLEY*

XXXII.—COMPLIMENTS TO MR. WU

"WELL, sir, me little Chinee frind Woo must be havin' th' time iv his life in Wash'n'ton these days," said Mr. Dooley.

"Who's he?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He's th' Chinee ministher," said Mr. Dooley, "an' his business is f'r to supply fresh hand-laundhried misinformation to th' Sicrety iv State. Th' Sicrety iv State is settin' in his office feelin' blue because he's just heerd be a specyal corryspondint iv th' London *Daily Pail* at Sydney, Austhreelya, who had it fr'm a slate-writer in Duluth, that an ar-rmy iv four hundhred an' eight thousan' millyon an' sivinty-five bloodthirsty Chinese, ar-rmed with flat-irnes an' cryin', 'Bung Loo!'—which means, Hinnissy, 'Kill th' foreign divvils, dhrive out th' missionries, an' set up in Chiny a gover'mint f'r th' Chinese'—is marchin' on Vladivostook in Siberyia not far fr'm Tinsin. A knock comes at th' dure, an' Woo enthers. 'Well,' says he, with a happy smile, ''tis all right.' 'What's all right?' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'Ivrything,' says Woo. 'I have just found a letter sewed in a shirt fr'm me frind Lie Much, th' viceroy iv Bumbang. It is dated th' fourth hour iv th' third day iv th' eighth or green-cheese moon,' he says. 'What day is that?' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'It's Choosdah, th' fourth iv July, Winsdah, th' eighth iv October, an' Thursdah, th' siventeenth iv March,' he says. 'Pathrick's day,' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'Thrue f'r ye,' says Woo. 'What year?' says Jawn Hay. 'Th' year iv th' big wind,' says Woo. 'Good,' says Jawn Hay; 'proceed with ye'er story.' 'Here's th' letter,' says Woo. 'I know 'tis genooyine, because it is an ol' dhress patthern used be th' Impress. It says: "Oscar Woo, care iv himsilf, annywhere: Dear Woo, brother iv th' moon, uncle iv th' sun, an' roommate iv th' stars, dear sir: Yours iv th' eighth day iv th' property moon rayceived out iv th' air yesterdah afthernoon or to-morrow, an' was glad to note ye ar-re feelin' well. Ivrything over here is th' same ol' pair iv boots. Nawthin' doin'. Peking is as quite as th' gr-rave. Her Majesty th' Impress is sufferin' slightly fr'm death be poison, but is still able to do th' cookin' f'r th' Rooshan ambassadure. Th' Impror was beheaded las' week, an' feels so much betther f'r th' op'ration that he expicts to be quarthered nex' Sundah. He's always wanted to rayjooce his weight. Some iv th' Boxers called on th' foreigners at Tinsin las' week an' met a warrum rayciption. Th' foreigners aftherward paid a visit to thim through a hole in th' wall, an' a jolly day concluded with a foot-race, at which our people are becomin' expert. Some iv th' boys expicts to come up to Peking nex' week, an' th' people along th' line iv th' railroad are gettin' ready f'r thim. This is really all th' news I have, excipt that cherries ar-re ripe. Me pin is poor, me ink is dhry, me love f'r you can niver die. Give me regards to Sicrety Hay whin he wakes up. I remain, illusthrus cousin iv th' risin' dawn, thruly ye'ers, Li. P. S. If ye need anny more information, take a longer dhraw."

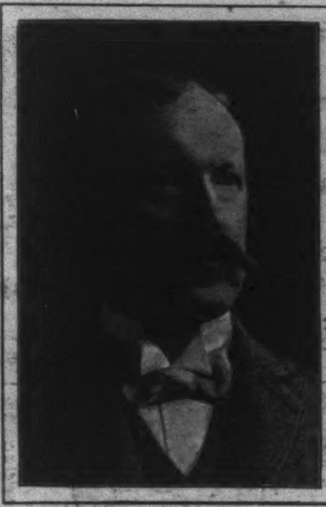
* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS,
As a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Washington National Guard.

"'That,' says Woo, 'is wan way iv r-readin' it. Read upside down, it says that the Impress has become a Swedenboorjan. I will r-read it standin' on me head whin I get home, where I can pin down me over-skirt; thin I'll r-read it in a lookin'-glass; thin I'll saw it into sthrips an' r-run it through a wringer an' lave it stand in a tub iv bluin', an' whin it's properly starched I'll find out what it says. Fin'lly I'll cut it into small pieces an' cook with rice an' lave it to reast in a cool place, an' thin 'twill r-read even betther. I hope ye're satisfied,' he says. 'I am,' says Jawn Hay. 'I'll tillygraft to Mark that ivrything is all r-right,' he says, 'an' that our relations with his Majesty, or her Majesty, or their Boxerships, or th' Down-with-th'-foreign-divillers, or whoiver's runnin' th' shop over beyant where ivrything are as they ought to be, or worse, or betther, as th' case may be,' he says. 'Good,' says Woo; 'you're a man afther me own heart,' he says. 'I'll sind ye a little book wrote be a frind iv mine in Peking,' he says. ''Tis called *Heart to Heart Lies I Have Had*,' he says. 'You'll like it,' he says. 'In th' mean time,' he says, 'I must write a secret message to go out be to-night's hot-air express to me corryspondint in Meriden, Connecticut, urgin' him to sind more impeeryal edicks iv a fav'rable nature,' he says. 'I've on'y had twinty so far, an' I'm gettin' scrivener's palsy,' he says. 'But befure I go,' he says, 'I bet ye eight millyon yens, or three dollars an' eighty-four cints iv ye'er money, that ye can't pick out th' shell this here pea is undher,' he says. An' they set down to a game iv what is known at Peking as diplomacy, Hinnissy, but on Randolph Sthreet viadock is called the double dirty."

"I don't believe wan wurrud iv what's in th' papers about Chiny," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye believe annything ye'll believe ivrything. 'Tis a grand contist that's goin' on between Westhern and Easthern civil-liezation. 'Tis a joke iv me own, Hinnissy, an' ye'd undherstand it if ye knew spellin'. Th' Westhern civiliezation, Hinnissy—that's us—is a pretty good liar, but he's a kind iv rough-an'-tumble at it. He goes in head down, an' ivry lie he tells looks like all th' others. Ye niver see an Englishman that had anny judgment in lyin'. Th' corryspondint iv th' *Daily Pail* is out iv his class. He's carryin' lies to Lieville. How in th' wurruld can we compete with a counthry where ivry lab'rer's cottage projooces lies so delicate that th' workmen iv th'



WILLIAM W. ROCKHILL.
Recently appointed Special United States Commissioner to China.

West can't undherstand thim? We make our lies be machinery; they tur-rn out theirs be hand. They imitate th' best iv our canned lies to deceive people that likes that kind, but f'r artists they have lies that appeals to a more refined taste. Sure, I'd like to live among thim an' find out th' kind iv bouncers they tell each other. They must be gr-rand. I on'y know their export lies now—th' surplus lies they can't use at home. An' th' kind they sind out ar-re betther than our best. Our lies is no more thin a contradiction iv th' thruth; their lies appeals to th' since iv honesty iv anny civilized man."

"They can't hurt us with their lies," said Mr. Hennessy of our Western civilization. "We have th' guns, an' we'll bate thim yet."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley, "an' 'twill be like a man who's had his house desthroyed be a cyclone gettin' up an' kickin' at th' air." F. P. DUNNE.

J. Hamilton Lewis

THIS gentleman is an ardent supporter of Mr. William Jennings Bryan for the Presidency. He is a vociferous antagonist of what he and even more intelligent people call "militarism." He is the individual who has attributed to President McKinley the Boxer atrocities in China. Look at his garments and his pose and draw your own conclusions as to his Anti-Military spirit. Is he not brave as a lion, and as anxious to fight as a game-cock? Study his physiognomy and decide as to the value of any views he may choose to express on public questions. Has he not the broad and bulging brow and that strong firm chin which have been characteristic of the greatest of statesmen from time immemorial? Is he not in point of fact a composite of Webster and Bonaparte, a combination unknown in the history of the world since the time of Cæsar?

Seriously Mr. Lewis is not an important person, but we print his portrait for the second time, hoping to relieve the asperities of the campaign with a little innocent amusement. We fancy even Messrs. Bryan and Stevenson will enjoy a quiet smile when they look upon this picture of their most enthusiastic supporter.

Geography as She is Wrote

THE London *Sketch* of July 11 publishes a brief account of the Hoboken Docks fire, together with a picture of New York city as it must have looked before any of the sky-scrapers were built. A portion of the article is here reprinted as an example of the clear and correct knowledge of American geography still prevalent in the minds of London editors:

"Those who are acquainted with New York—and many thousands of our own countrymen are nowadays—remember what splendid docks these Hoboken Docks are, stretching (as the picture shows) far along the Pennsylvanian shore of the Hudson, from the famous Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Across the river, and facing these Hoboken Docks, is the teeming city of New York, with its multifarious enterprises and entertainments affording occupation for natives of nearly every nation under the sun. Bisecting, as it were, the tongue-shaped beginning of New York city and State, is the famous Broadway, stretching from the Battery up towards Central Park, six miles away. Just across the other river, which is called the Sound, is Long Island, with Sandy Hook jutting out into the harbor opposite a promontory of the Pennsylvanian shore here facing the Atlantic. Long Island is connected with New York by the famous Brooklyn Bridge, leading into 'The City of Churches.'"

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THE DUTY OF AMERICA. By John Barrett
AMERICA'S TREATMENT OF THE CHINESE. By Chas. F. Holder
THE JAPANESE VIEW OF THE SITUATION. By a Japanese Diplomat

which are of especial significance at this time.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE uncertain situation in China and the serious menace to the future have a depressing effect in Europe, which is reflected to some extent here. Money rates are higher in London, and decidedly higher in Berlin, than in New York, and there is a tendency at both those capitals to dispose of American securities. This to an extent serves to offset our commercial trade balance and help the tendency to draw gold from this side to relieve a strain which is not felt here. While the shipment of gold has not continued with the celerity that was looked for, still there is a tugging at the American supply to meet the needs of Europe, and the movement is apparently not over. This movement and the balance-of-trade question have been the subject of much discussion of late.

Among the factors in the balance-of-trade problem which cannot be ascertained even approximately is the constant profit, in the form of interest and dividends, upon foreign capital invested in this country. Payment is made largely by commodities exported, through the operation of exchange, and the volume of the investment and the amount of these payments are unknown quantities. The only certain thing is that the export of gold nowadays has little relation to the balance on commercial transactions. These are overshadowed by financial operations, and gold yields to the direct demand for it from the great central banks. At present there is something like a financial strain at the principal European centres which puts a pressure upon the gold-supply, wherever it may be.

The selling of American securities on foreign account has a depressing effect here upon markets which would be dull in any case. On the Stock Exchange the professional operators manage to push prices up and let them back in a way to give some margin for speculation, but there is no real activity or strength, and little sign of money drawn in from the outside public. The public is wary or uninterested. The political campaign may add slightly to the influences which make the market dull, but not very much.

The iron and steel situation does not seem to improve, though managers of the large companies have been trying to find some basis of agreement for getting prices upon a stable bottom. There are reports of increased sales here and there, but generally at a concession from nominal prices, and there are other reports of further curtailment of production, while there are some signs of difficulty over the scale of wages in these industries. The unsettled condition is likely to continue for some weeks, and in the mean time the steel stocks are dull and tend downward. Railroad reports, on the whole, are favorable compared with a year ago, but there are exceptions in the Northwest, where gross receipts show a falling off. This has been rather heavy on the St. Paul, which is taken as a representative of the granger lines.

Crop reports are, on the whole, better, and there is every prospect of good returns, but not so good as for two years past. The smaller production of wheat and corn means better prices for the farmer, but smaller traffic for the railways and smaller exports.

Notwithstanding the higher rates for money abroad, the advance in foreign exchange, and the outward movement of gold, the money-market of New York continues in a state of ease, with call loans at about 1½ per cent. day after day, time loans on good collateral security for two to four months at 3 and 3½ per cent., and commercial paper at 4 to 5 per cent. The latest bank returns show an increase in surplus reserves. There is a general prediction of higher rates in the money-market soon, but the movement is slow in beginning.

The statement of the New York Banking Department for the first half of the year shows that the resources of the sixty trust companies on July 1 were over $796,000,000, an increase of $124,000,000 in six months. The gain in trust deposits was over $75,000,000 and in general deposits $42,000,000, while loans increased nearly $50,000,000. The total deposits on which interest was paid were $590,676,963.

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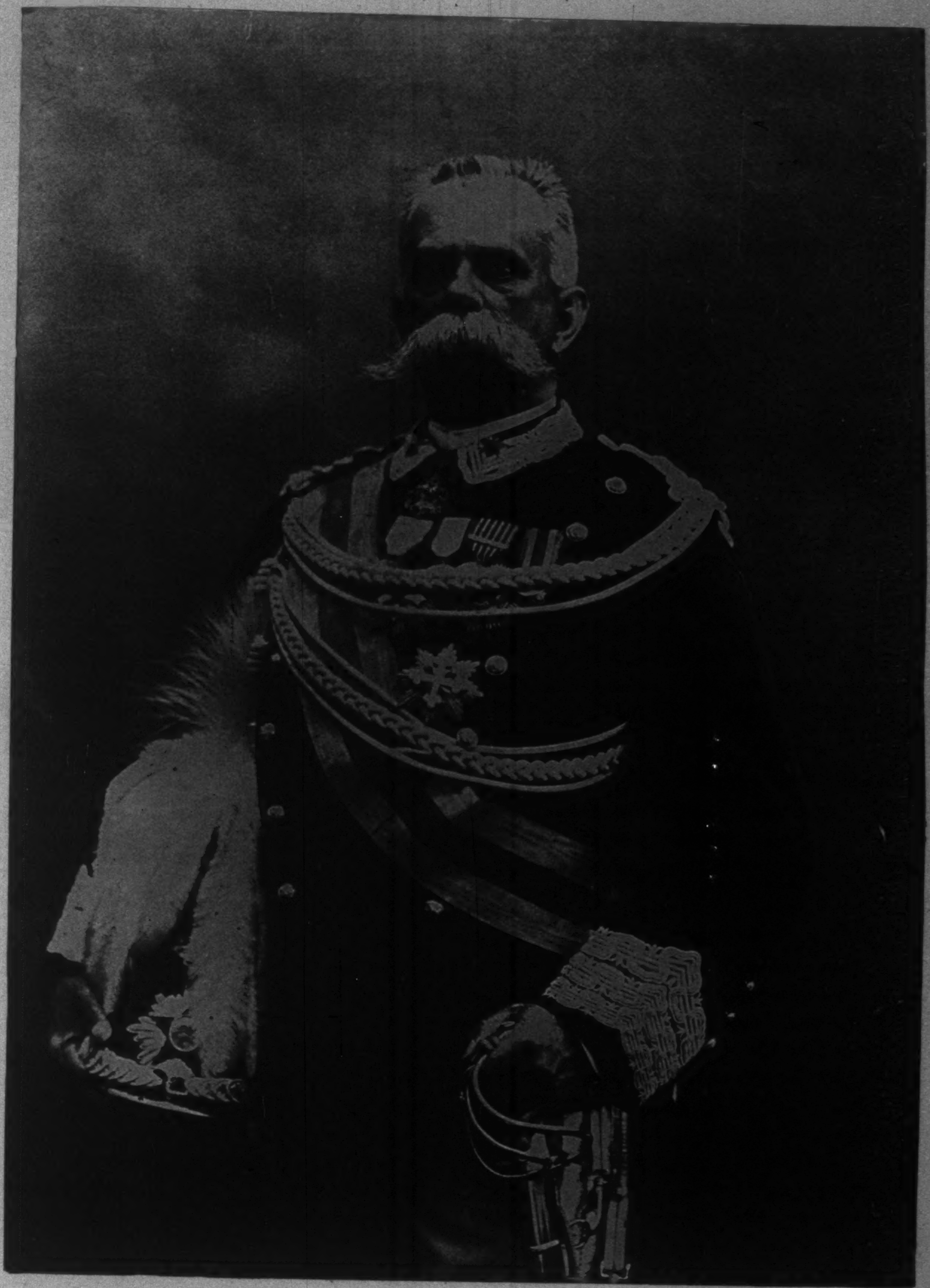

HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY

ASSASSINATED AT MONZA, JULY 29, 1900

VICTOR EMMANUEL OF SAVOY, PRINCE OF NAPLES,

Crown-Prince of Italy, who will succeed King Humbert.

MARGHERITA OF SAVOY, QUEEN OF ITALY,

Wife of the murdered King, and Mother of Prince Victor.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT OF ITALY

HUMBERT I., King of Italy, was the victim of an assassin, Angelo Bressi, last Sunday night, at Monzá. The King had just taken his seat in a carriage on leaving a gymnasium where he had been distributing prizes, when a roughly dressed fellow pushed his way through the cheering crowd and fired three shots at short range. The King sank back, fatally wounded, living only three-quarters of an hour. When a pistol was seen in the man's hand an attempt was made to wrest it from him, but he was too quick for the bystanders. Bressi, with the smoking weapon held exultantly aloft, was seized by gendarmes, who had to fight their way through the crowd to save him from its vengeance.

The cause of the assassination of King Humbert was no doubt political, and may be traced back to the discontent which prevailed throughout Italy last year, when bread riots occurred in the principal towns, bloody collisions took place with the police and troops, and Milan was in a state of siege. The rioting began in Ancona and other towns in the Marches. The measures taken to repress it were severe from the first. The trouble spread to other places, and to check it a royal decree reduced the import duty on grain temporarily from 7½ lire a quintal to 5 lire. When Parliament appropriated 100,000 lire for the relief of the poor, Humbert gave 150,000 from his private purse. The situation did not mend. It became necessary to raise the army on a peace footing from 140,000 to 180,000, and when the Radical Socialists attempted to hold meetings in favor of abolishing the duties on bread-stuffs, eight battalions of infantry patrolled the streets of Rome to prevent the assembling of the discontented.

Troops fired on bread-rioters at Stroina, Sicily, on February 18, killing two peasants. By the end of April bread was at famine prices, and there were collisions between the populace and the soldiers at Bari, Rimini, Parma, Ravenna, and other places. To restore order the government on May 4 suspended the duty on wheat, and the *octrois* were abolished. The very day following thousands of rioters at Pavia defied the troops, and the son of Signor Mussi, the Radical Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, was killed. Above the demands for bread was heard the cry for the "social revolution." In Milan the workmen tried to precipitate it. Erecting barricades of street cars, they cut the telegraph wires, and dared the soldiers to do their worst. From the roofs of houses paving-stones were hurled on their heads, and from windows shots were fired at the troops. Women and children were killed by the grape-shot which were poured into the houses. Seventy-five persons were killed during the rioting, and as many more were treated in the hospitals. Martial law was declared in Tuscany, and a state of siege proclaimed at Milan, where the disorder rapidly increased. Women threw themselves in front of railroad trains to prevent the arrival of re-enforcements, and the students of Pavia marched in to join the forces of disorder. The city was soon in the hands of the rioters, who entrapped General Bava's soldiers in a ring of barricades. It was not until General Leone Pelloux arrived with half an army corps and used round shot unsparingly that the government got the upper hand and the streets were cleared of rioters. The worst thing about the situation was that over every railroad from France, Spain, and Switzerland, peasants and workmen were making their way to take part in the "social revolution." The government went so far as to put the railroads under military control. The risings finally spent themselves, but not before the Radical deputies Turati, Bissolati, and Costa were arrested in Milan, and newspapers had been suppressed all over Italy, many editors being sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

There has been comparative quiet throughout the country since, but politically the caldron has been seething. Several changes of ministry have occurred, Rudini giving way to General Luigi Pelloux, the strong soldier, and Pelloux to Saracco. Each minister has had to deal with the dangerous state of the country as well as with the delicate one of expansion overseas. The policy of Pelloux's ministry, which lasted for almost a year, included the maintenance of order, the jealous protection of society, and the pacification of the public mind. It was always in hot water, first because of a drastic and severe public-safety bill which was made law at last only by royal decree, an expedient of doubtful constitutionality, and afterwards by reason of China's defiance of Italy's demands for territory at San-mun Bay. On May 16 of this year King Humbert adjourned the Italian Parliament *sine die*, the Socialists being so violent in their obstruction of public business that the outlook for its transaction was hopeless. In the general election that followed Signor Colombo, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and many of his associates were defeated. On the assembling of the new Parliament the Opposition was so strong that General Pelloux resigned. The King had leaned on him as the resolute soldier who alone could maintain order.

King Humbert, while the victim of political conditions which baffled the resources of statesmanship and foreshadowed the downfall of the monarchy, was personally a ruler of the best intentions, understood his responsibilities, and labored to discharge them worthily. Much of his personal popularity he owed to his excellent and beautiful consort, Queen Margherita, who is a woman of refinement and benevolence, interested in art and letters, and a patron of many charities. As an artist she has achieved something, and she is well known as an intrepid mountaineer. Humbert was the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel II., the first King of united Italy, and a valiant soldier, and of Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria. The son was born at Turin, March 14, 1844. He accompanied his father during the war for Italian independence. When a youth of fourteen he was made a captain of infantry, and in four years rose to the command of a brigade of cavalry as major-general. By the direction of his father he assisted in the reorganization of the ancient kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and in July, 1862, visited Naples and Palermo with Garibaldi, being received with great enthusiasm. When the Italians entered Rome on September 20, 1870, Prince Humbert was in command of an army corps. He had previously won his laurels on the field of battle at Custozza during the war with Austria, where he led a division in General Cialdini's corps. Humbert's behavior on that disastrous day was such as to warrant the opinion that he had performed prodigies of valor. At one time he was cut off from his command and was saved only by a charge of a battalion of the 49th Infantry. It was during this war, on April 22, 1866, that he married his first cousin, the Princess Margherita, daughter of his father's brother, Duke of Genoa. One child was born to them, Vittorio Emanuelo, who succeeds to the throne with the title of Victor Emmanuel III.

The new King is of slight physique and has not figured much in the public eye. He is thirty-one years old, and is scholarly in his tastes. He is not regarded as a man of blood and iron, and there are doubts of his ability to cope with a chaotic situation. Compared with his late father, he is undersized and effeminate in appearance. King Humbert was bluff, keen-eyed, huge of mustache, and looked the King. Two attempts had been made on Humbert's life before the fatal one: on November 17, 1878, at Naples, Giovanni Passanante, an Anarchist, struck at him with a dagger, but succeeded only in wounding Signor Cavioli, the Prime Minister, who had thrown himself in front of the King; Pietro Acciarita, a mad blacksmith, lunged at the King with a dagger at the Campanella race-track on April 22, 1897, but Humbert parried the blow, and the madman was overpowered. Both of the would-be regicides were sentenced to die, but royal clemency commuted punishment to life imprisonment. Italy's new Queen was the Princess Helena, daughter of Prince Nicolas of Montenegro. She was born at Cettinje, in 1873, and in person and accomplishments promises to be a worthy successor to Queen Margherita.